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Vol. CCXV.

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THE SKETCH
AUGUST 15, 1951

2/- Fortnightly

The Sketch

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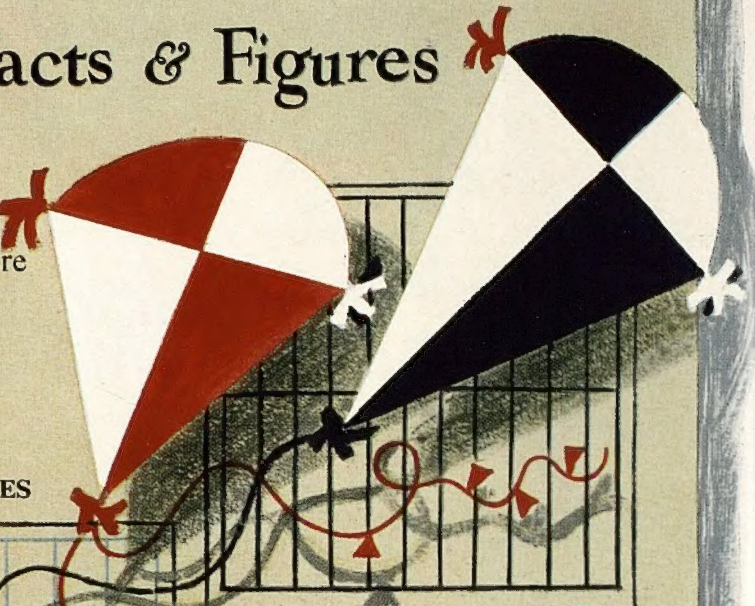
Education: In a questionnaire of 1948 nearly .04% had heard of President Wilson, 12% of the Schweppshire Lad, and over 84% of Samson and Hedy Lamarr.
Law: The administration of justice is vested in a Supreme Court, which in turn is undervested in Chancery Courts, circuit courts, fives courts and Wimbledon.

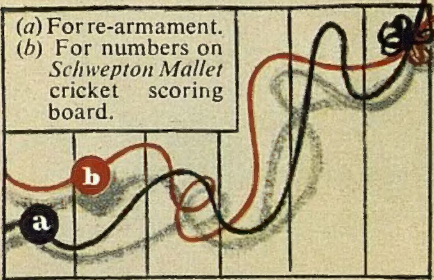


1. STATE OF INDUSTRY

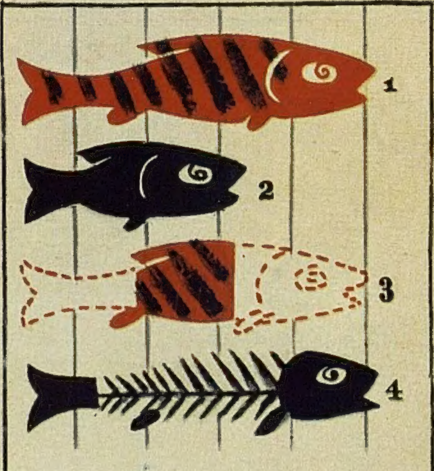
(*a*) Industries showing progress. (*O.K.*).
(*b*) Industries showing diminution (*in the red*).

2. TIN PRODUCTION

(*a*) For re-armament.
(*b*) For numbers on *Schwepton Mallet* cricket scoring board.

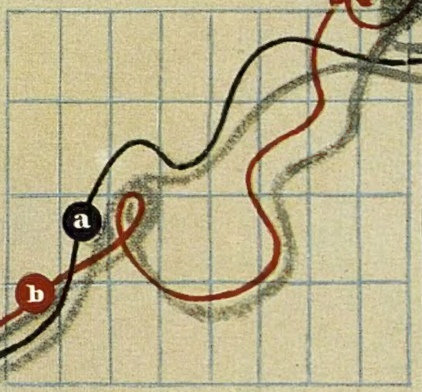


3. TRADE BALANCE



1. EXPORTS. 2. IMPORTS. 3. MEAN SEASONAL VARIATIONS. 4. OLD MEANY.

4. MAIN INDUSTRIES



(*a*) Grade G milk retaining natural soils and original living matter.
(*b*) Vitaminiferous vitaminised infra-red ultra-violet thyroid extract of halibut kidney synthesized from pure factory-fresh laboratory-sterilized machine-mown butter-cups.

5. WATER SPORTS: ROWING

6. HYPOTHETICAL DISTRIBUTION

of families in relation to man-hour income.

1. BOTTLE WELDERS.
2. WELDED BOTTLERS.
3. BOTTLED WELDERS.
4. NO FAMILY AT ALL.

7. LAND RECLAMATION

Rehabilitation of waterworks flooded in Spring 1951. According to:

(*a*) WHITE PAPER.
(*b*) PINK PAPER WITH FRILLS.
(*c*) BLUE PRINT.
(*d*) TOO BLUE TO PRINT.
(*e*) PUZZLE CORNER.

The same graph represents the growth of Greater Cirenschwepster. Also Borschach Technique: reaction to disposal of used razor blades neurosis at 6,000 feet.

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him.

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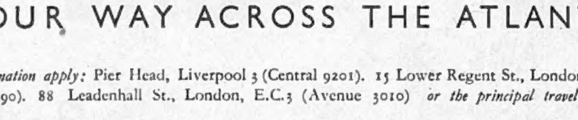


THE "QUEENS"—LARGEST AND FASTEST LINERS IN THE WORLD

"Hawkins—I must confess the omens are not entirely favourable. Further outlook very warm indeed with local sandstorms . . . Should we not swallow our pride and retire injured to the clubhouse? Better still—let us swallow a jug of Rose's! Forward, Hawkins—at the double —or I may suddenly drain that water hazard!"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

makes thirst worth while

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1951

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IS TWENTY-ONE

NEXT Tuesday, August 21, Princess Margaret will be twenty-one and with this characteristic snapshot we mark the occasion. The King's younger daughter, informal, friendly and witty, will spend her birthday quietly with her family at Balmoral, after a season in which she has taken her full share of public engagements.

Princess Elizabeth took the salute at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, later presenting the awards to prize-winning cadets. Her Royal Highness also inspected R.A.F. personnel, and is seen here passing along a flight wing paraded in front of their planes.

Our Motley Notes
(late Sketchbook)

By Toby O'Brien

THE Festival of Britain has been at its happiest outside London, from the village shows which have tested the temper of the Vicar-producer and the ingenuity of the Women's Institute, to the more ambitious efforts of the great centres. Two which are greatly to be recommended this month are those of Brighton and Edinburgh. Each has the advantage of a perfect setting, considerable experience in showmanship and admirable taste on the part of the showmen. Brighton, of course, is a natural. It scarcely needs the attentions of the theatrical costumiers (who must, by the way, be having a bumper season) to evoke the shades of Prinny and Sherry, Jockey of Norfolk, and the happily observant Mr. Creevy. There is no seaside resort in the world in which it is easier to forget the modern foreground of parboiled backs and ice-cream, and escape into a past world of Georgian grace—or a resort which knows better how to secure its effects. One of the moving spirits in this, as in other Brightonian activities, is the Hon. Member for the Pavilion Division, Mr. William Teeling, who, in addition to helping with the Festival jollities, is one of the promoters of this year's new and most successful Brighton Antique Dealers' Fair.

What a perfect constituency he has! And yet Willy Teeling is an example of the extreme uncertainty of political life. As a very young undergraduate, he went through the mill. This included fighting a hopeless fight against the redoubtable Jack Jones at Silvertown. I think Willy just saved his deposit. If he did, it was only just—so great was Jack Jones's majority. Jack Jones was a well-liked member of the House of Commons, and normally a generous-minded man. On this occasion he had, however, been celebrating his inevitable victory in advance. For when he and

poor Willy arrived on the balcony to make the customary vote of thanks to the Returning Officer, Jack Jones said that "he had fought many stiff fights in his life, but never such a big stiff as Mr. Teeling, who could now go back to his something Bachelor's Club—and his father was probably a bachelor too." After this cheerful start, Willy travelled all over this country and, indeed, all over the world, as a hobo studying economic conditions from the point of view of the man who was out of work in the then great areas of unemployment in America, Australia and Germany. He fought hopeless seats. He spoke and worked ardently for the Conservative Party. After several years of this he called on a very distinguished gentleman at the Conservative Central Office. (This was in the bad old pre-war pre-Woolton days.) The Great Man courteously enquired what he could do for him. Willy replied that, in view of the fact that he had been working so hard for the party for so long and that he really did know something about the Empire and economic problems at first hand, he wondered whether he might be considered for any other than a completely hopeless seat. "But you 've got one of the safest seats in the country," the Great Man exclaimed. "No, Sir, I think you must mean my friend Keeling, who sits for Twickenham." "But isn't your name Keeling?" "No, Sir, *Teeling*." "Oh, I see. Very well, Mr. Ceiling——" Willy went sadly away. However, all 's well that ends well, and it has ended at the Pavilion Division of Brighton, which is to be congratulated on so vigorous an advocate possessed of such excellent taste.

Edinburgh, of course, is another natural for Festival purposes. There are few sights in the world more dramatic than the Castle floodlit at night, and the grim charm of the city gives it a flavour all of its own. Though superficially so very different, Edinburgh and Dublin have much in common. They are civilised cities, with a tradition of looking across the sea to France for their culture rather than to London (a tradition which is preserved in the fact that both cities know and love a good château-bottled claret when they see one). They are smoky cities, even if in Dublin the smoke has the delicious tang of turf, while "Auld Reekie" has the more dubious charms of British Railways coal—and yet, when the wind blows, there is a magnificent clarity to the air. And they have a vigorous social and cultural life of their own, which owes little to outside influences.

I AM sorry that this year I shall miss Edinburgh, for by the time you read this, I hope to be at least a hundred and fifty miles farther north. I don't think I shall ever fail to recapture the schoolboy thrill of the first sniff of Highland air (it usually seems to be among the birches of Aviemore), the bright, early-morning sun (why does one forget the occasions, at least as frequent, when it is streaming with rain and visibility is a bare hundred yards?), the first enquiring head of a cock grouse thrust up above the heather and his covey.

There is something, incidentally, about shooting grouse which always seems to evoke the wildly lyrical and wildly inaccurate in popular journalism. A pre-war delight when staying with a cousin who has a moor on the County Durham-North Riding border, was to see how the local paper would describe the Twelfth. The palm (if I remember rightly) went to: "'Tis the glorious Twelfth once more and yet again the ping of the rifle is heard o'er Barningham Moor." There are most distinguished precedents, for did not the immortal Ouida write: "Now is the time when the little brown birds are winging their way over the purple heather to fall obediently to the neat, smart plop of the bullets"? I have always cherished that vision of her whiskered exquisites from the Guards taking time off from breaking hearts in London to shoot driven grouse with rifles fitted with silencers!

"Pamela! Really!"
Drawn by Boast.

SHORTLY after I return, I observe I shall have to pay still more for my laundry. Max Beerbohm somewhere—and I must quote from memory, as someone seems to have stolen the book—wrote a letter he would like to have sent to his tailor. It ran:

Sir,—I am in receipt of your half-servile, half-insolent screed. You give me the impression of a man crawling on his knees and shaking his fist. Neither this posture, nor this gesture will wring from me so much as one bent farthing.

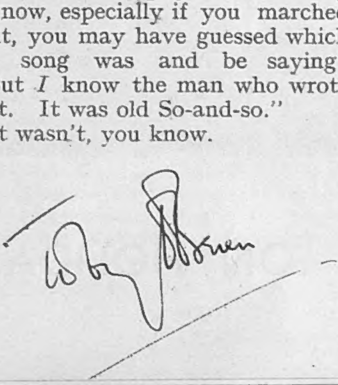
Max never sent it. Recently I had a couple of stiff shirts made at vast expense—to replace some yellowed pre-war veterans. One wearing and one washing has brought them back to me from my monstrously expensive laundry frayed as to the front and serrated as to the cuffs. In fact, the latter look like the sadistic headsman's axe in the *Bab Ballad*, which he treated with sulphuric acid and other things until "the engine of the majesty of law, looked less like a hatchet than a dissipated saw." I was so infuriated that I wrote to the managing director saying, *inter alia*, that "even in an age when the best brains in all civilised countries are, alas, devoted to the cause of destruction, what you have done to my shirts amounts to genius." A lot of good in this take-it-or-leave-it age, it has done me. The gentleman blandly denies that it can be anything to do with the laundry, and that I better take it up with my shirtmaker. I hope the shirtmaker sues him for libel!

A FRIEND who read my notes on the genealogy of stories insists that I tell one against myself. About three years after coming down from Oxford and the Presidency of the Union, I was dining there with some undergraduates. "Wasn't it you, Sir," said one (I still liked being called "Sir" in those days!), "who made that wonderful crack about So-and-so?" Now, I had heard the story in my time as applied to the late Philip Guedalla. Possibly he had heard it attached to F. E. Smith, or Belloc, and probably its real origin goes back to Gladstone. To my shame, I must confess that I said: "It may have been. Do you know, I really can't remember."

I admit it was monstrous. All the same, it is a just world and nothing is more mildly irksome than if you do happen to make an original "crack" to have it quoted back to you with somebody's else's name attached.

On the morning of the day that Hitler invaded Poland, I made up a little song about the Nazi leaders and their physical characteristics to be sung to the tune of "Colonel Bogey." The first line, which dealt with Göring, was based on an accurate statement which I had from the great Professor Sauerbruch, who operated on him and who, incidentally, died a few weeks ago. Luckily for my claims to authorship, I sang it for the first time at noon that day to a select audience consisting of that beloved doyen of Fleet Street, Jimmy Bone, Charles Graves and, I think, Douglas Macdonald Hastings. It was well received. Other friends took it off to their Territorial or other units. Within a fortnight I was having it sung back at me attributed variously to Vic Oliver, Billy Bennett, and a gentleman who is now a pillar of the Third Programme of the B.B.C. Within six months Canadians, South Africans, Australians and members of the Indian Army were bringing it back to this country—by this time in distinctly garbled form—as the product of their own native poets. Charles Graves, however, wrote about it, and Douglas Macdonald Hastings brought it into an exquisitely delicately phrased broadcast of which I can only remember: "Such literary plagiarism is nothing new. See Bacon and Shakespeare." Alas! that—as with some of the works of Sir Alan Herbert—it can scarcely appear on this page. I dare say by now, especially if you marched to it, you may have guessed which the song was and be saying: "But *I* know the man who wrote that. It was old So-and-so."

It wasn't, you know.



ON HOLIDAY

ON their way to Balmoral for a summer holiday, the King and Queen, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, were welcomed at Ballater Station by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire ; Canon W. E. Adam, Provost of Ballater, and his sister, Mrs. Whitehead. This month includes several Royal birthdays, for besides her Majesty's on August 4, Princess Margaret's on August 21, little Princess Anne is one year old to-day, August 15, and a small party is being held for her at Birkhall, near Balmoral, where she is staying with her parents.

The guests included many local notabilities, who took their refreshments in a huge marquee. Round, the base of the supports were masses of summer flowers.

From the balcony Captain Peter Brittain, Miss Derham and Mrs. Blackburn watched the dancers.

Canterbury Cricket-Week Ball

THE Canterbury Cricket-Week Ball was held in the new infantry barracks gymnasium, St. Martin's Hill, Canterbury, by permission of Major-General the Hon. P. G. Scarlett, O.C. Depôt, The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment). It was given in support of the Army Cadet Force Welfare Fund and The Buffs Charities, and a big concourse of Kentish and other notabilities enjoyed themselves dancing and supping under admirable conditions. The display of huge masses of flowers added brilliance to the extreme comfort provided in the marquees, where tables small and large avoided the monotony of regularity. Both gymnasium and marquees were brilliantly lighted, and the dance-music was relayed to the refreshment and other tents. The Old Stagers achieved their centenary this Festival year—a century of great achievement and distinction.

(Continued overleaf.)

Canterbury Cricket-Week Ball (continued)

Left: A soldier in the uniform of The Buffs held a jeroboam of champagne. Lord Donegall asked his wife to present it to members of the Old Stagers.

Below: At the Old Stagers' table (l. to r., standing) were: Mr. Tony Green, Lady Alethea Eliot, Lt.-Col. Eliot, Mrs. Whitwell, Mr. Hugh Whitwell. Seated: Mrs. Bartlett, Major Clarke-Jervoise, Miss Joan Harven, Mr. Humphrey Tilling and Mrs. Tilling.

At supper at Miss Gordon's table were : (l. to r.) Miss Rosemary Partridge, Mr. David McGrotty, Miss Jennifer Gordon, Mr. Wacher, Miss Elizabeth Aspinall, Mr. Allister Kennedy.

Sitting out (l. to r.) : Miss Althea Whitamore, Mr. A. H. E. Pim, who was due shortly to leave for Korea, Mr. R. A. Stratford Tuke and his wife.

Between dances (l. to r.) : Mr. Michael Smith, Miss Susan Brook, in white tulle, Mr. P. T. S. Brook and Mrs. Brook.

With an admiring eye for the flower decorations as she danced : Miss Susan Brook.

On the way to dance, Mr. A. Hardy, Mrs. C. R. Tuff, Miss J. Hardy and Mr. Anthony Coleman paused for a chat.

Champagne : Mr. Tony Taylor opened a jeroboam for Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Tassell, Cdr. Glass, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Glass.

(Continued overleaf.)

Canterbury Cricket-Week Ball

(continued)

Major-General Gregson Ellis (laughing) had a table at the Ball. His guests (l. to r.) : Mrs. Gregson Ellis, Major and Mrs. Welby, and Mrs. Murray Law.

In the gymnasium, sitting out among the flowers : Mr. Rodney Soloman and Miss Daphne Macnamara.

Miss Susan Brett wore pale-blue figured taffeta. Her partner : Mr. David Parker.

Conversation-piece (l. to r.) Lord Donegall and the Hon. Denys Buckley.

(L. to r.) Mrs. Twyman and Mr. Twyman, Miss Joanna Rice, selling tickets, Mrs. Clementson, Mr. Clementson.

(L. to r.) : Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Owen Williams Wynn, Major Ferguson, Chief Constable of Kent, and Major-Gen. the Hon. P. G. Scarlett.

Hotly-clad, the Knight of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* took a cooling drink. He is Mr. Foottit of Patrixbourne, and he walked in the 3½ miles Tableau Procession.

AT CANTERBURY FESTIVAL

FROM July 18 to August 10, the Canterbury Festival made a brave attempt to tell the story, secular, ecclesiastic and pre-Roman, of a city which for 900 years was a major power in international events. The Canterbury Exhibition, held on the site of Roman buildings and of the ancient Whitefriars Monastery, brings to life the City's history from 200 B.C. to A.D. 1951. New plays, a new opera, a symphony concert and a new ballet were included in the celebrations, and a Procession of Tableaux illustrating the life and history of the towns of East Kent included Chaucer and his pilgrims. Canterbury Cathedral and other famous buildings were floodlit each evening, and the streets were gay with floral and other decorations.

Of modern make, yet of ancient design, is this brightly-polished chromium shield bearing the City's Arms, here reflecting the features of Miss P. Manuel of Canterbury.

the procession, too, were the Pilgrims, who yearly made their grimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. Stan Rawlings led them.

Enduring Stones, a pageant play specially written by Edward Percy, was performed in the precincts of the ancient St. Augustine's Abbey. This scene shows Charles I. with Henrietta Maria.

At the King's School, extensions to the old Larder Gate were opened by the Duchess of Kent. They will be devoted to music and art; incorporate the old archway and part of the fifteenth-century monastic kitchens; were made possible by gifts from Australian people.

Boys from the King's School, Canterbury, bowed their greeting to the Duchess on her arrival at the school to open the new extensions. Her Royal Highness's visit was the occasion of the school's annual Speech Day.

The start opposite the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes. *Firecracker* (U.S.) leads, with *Johan* (Britain) lying second and up to weather.

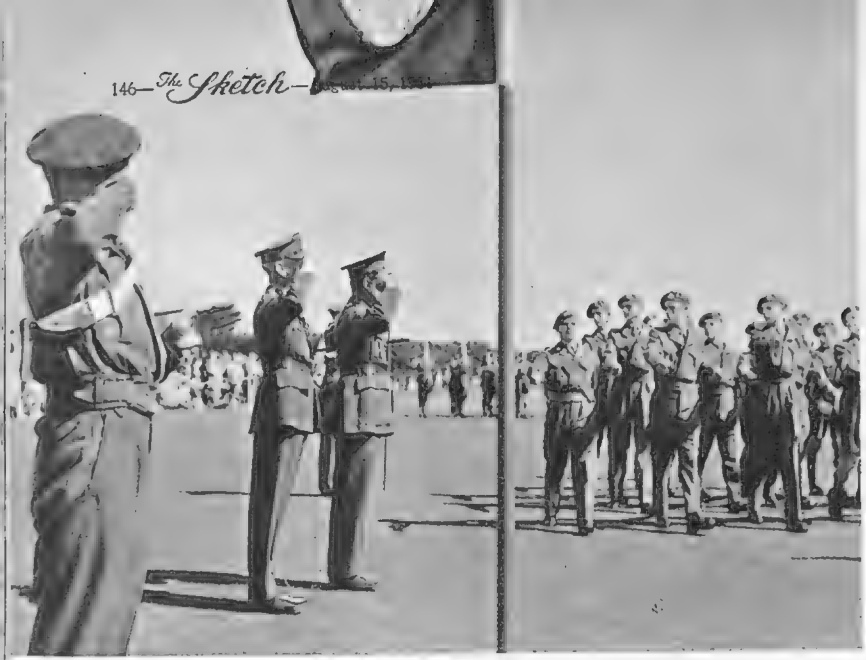
THE NEW BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP

AMERICAN yachtsmen (outright winners of the last cup), winning the final race of a seven-day series at Cowes by 14¼ points to 7, became first holders of the new British-American Cup for 6-metre international class yachts. The cup is awarded to the first team to win four races, and the U.S. have now won eight times against Britain's four since the matches were begun in 1921. British teamwork was excellent for the first two days of the series but later deteriorated, and the Americans, after a poor start, made a brilliant recovery, to hold the trophy by four wins to three. Weather furnished great variety for the racing of the big yachts. Results and times in the deciding race: 1, *Llanoria* (Magnus Konow, U.S.), 3 hr. 22 min. 5 sec.; 2, *Goose* (E. Ridder, sailed by H. F. Whiton, U.S.), 3—22—9; 3, *Marletta* (Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Harrison, Britain), 3—22—36; 4, *Firecracker* (Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Whiton, sailed by Glen Foster, U.S.), 3—23—17; 5, *Johan* (Mr. J. Howden Hume, Britain), 3—23—37; 6, *Circe* (E. J. E. and K. Coles, Britain), 3—27—5.

Photographed by F. W. Beken.

Second day, l. to r.: *Llanoria* (U.S.), *Marletta* (Britain) and *Johan* (Britain) have just completed the first round, and are making for the first mark on the second round. *Marletta* has taken down her spinnaker, and *Johan* is holding hers, covering *Llanoria*.

A fine picture of *Firecracker* running before the wind, with Mr. Whiton at the helm.



With General Sir Bernard Paget, who took the salute at the Trooping, is Colonel R. E. Barnwell, C.B.E., Commandant of the School.

Prizes were presented on the games field by General Sir Bernard Paget. Standing by is Lieut.-Colonel Rowe, M.A. (Education Branch), and beyond him (extreme right) Colonel Barnwell.

General Paget, accompanied by the School's Commandant, inspects rows of boys each wearing the badge of the regiment in which his father served.

GRAND DAY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL

ON July 28 The Duke of York's Royal Military School at Dover celebrated Grand Day by Trooping the Colour.

The School was given the honour of carrying Colours in 1825, and every year the Trooping is performed by the boys. The Chief School Prefect is in command of the parade. Prefects command guards, carry the Colours, and the ceremony is in every way a replica of that carried out on the Horse Guards Parade on the King's birthday.

Later "Old Boys" fall in for inspection, prizes are presented, and the day ends with a play put on by the School to entertain parents, Old Boys and School guests.

Since it was founded in 1801 by Frederick, Duke of York, son of George III., the School has provided free general education to sons of soldiers, with preference given to orphans of active Service men. When they leave at eighteen, boys are free to choose their own career, but a large number follow in their father's footsteps and join the Army.

Among those who went on to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst to become officers are: Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye, M.C., Brigadier J. J. McCully, D.S.O., Colonel C. W. Phillpott, R.A.O.C., and Lieut.-Colonel A. V. Vokins, M.B.E.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Tom Weedon.

The General, escorted by the School Adjutant, also inspected rows of "Old Boys," many of whom were proudly wearing their medals.

In the evening, the boys presented a play. Taking part were Prefects Marplesden, Wells, Hill, Bryant, Harrington and Cross.

Colonel and Mrs. Metcalfe were among the many distinguished spectators at the Grand Day ceremony.

Mrs. Rose (wife of the Bishop of Dover), Mr. F. G. Petch and Mrs. Barnwell (wife of the Commandant).

Mrs. Rowe (wife of Lieut.-Colonel Rowe, M.A., Education Branch) and Miss Barnwell.

Mrs. Parry (wife of Colonel Parry), the Rev. W. B. Haynes, the School Chaplain, with his wife and child, and (in front) the Bishop of Dover.

Watching events: Mrs. Thompson, Major-General G. N. Wood, Major-General B. C. H. Kimmins, Mrs. Wood and Lady Paget.

Another group of spectators: *Back row:* Miss Elliot, Mrs. Grafton, Captain D. Grafton, the Rev. A. K. James. *Middle row:* Miss Bannister (daughter of Brigadier D. W. Bannister), her friend, Miss Frances Thompson, and Mrs. Arnold. *Front:* Mrs. Woodhouse.

West End Favourites

THREE SISTERS
(Aldwych).

This revival was overdue. The other major Tchehov plays had reappeared; but, until the Aldwych production, London had waited thirteen years for the sisters who pine for Moscow; and for the old doctor, the philosophising Colonel, and all the other people of a piece that can speak like a violin in an autumn night. There have been better revivals; but everyone responsive to Tchehov's "sweet grief" is bound now to be grateful to such players as Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton and Renée Asherson (as the sisters), and Sir Ralph Richardson, Harcourt Williams and Walter Hudd.

CAROUSEL
(Drury Lane).

The title means a merry-go-round, and when the curtain rises there the carousel is, spinning and glittering. Oscar Hammerstein II. chose unexpectedly when he based his libretto on Molnar's Viennese play, *Liliom*, the story of a fairground "barker"; but the translation to New England in the late nineteenth century was cunningly done, and, with music by Richard Rodgers, *Carousel* had a long run in New York. This has been followed by a stay of more than a year at Drury Lane. Those who remember the first-night enthusiasm for "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" do not wonder at it.

THE LITTLE HUT
(Lyric).

Peter Brook's production, Oliver Messel's glowing set, and the acting of Robert Morley in his best sleek-seal manner, all help to take *The Little Hut* from the ordinary run of light comedies. If it were conventionally performed, Nancy Mitford's version of a French comedy by André Roussin might grow tedious, but this production has killed tedium, and anyone anxious to know what to do if cast away on "a far-off isle in the tropic seas," will find instruction at the Lyric, where the piece has run for a year.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER
(New).

Pinero's house was always in order; and this play of his—dating from 1906—is a superb example of how to tell a story in the theatre. In the most dramatic scene, Nina Jesson, the undervalued second wife of a priggish Member of Parliament, finds the letters that may enable her to destroy the legend of the first wife, that paragon Annabel. As acted by Godfrey Tearle and Mary Kerridge, the scene keeps its power. At the première many playgoers, as they left the theatre, were arguing about Nina's character: a sure sign that the old play had conquered.

AT THE THEATRE.

★ First Choice ★

HENRY THE FIFTH
(Stratford-upon-Avon)

TOWARDS the middle of *Henry the Fifth* the King says of Fluellen: "There is much care and valour in this Welshman." Richard Burton might have been speaking of himself. The young Welsh actor, who appeared as Prince Hal in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, now presents the King with much "care and valour," but, at the same time, with a curious mechanical quality. Although he is a likeable actor, I could not help feeling, as I watched, that at any moment the mechanism might run down and Henry would have to be wound up again. On the first night he was at his best in the love scene with the Princess, which he and Hazel Penwarden acted with real charm. But I do not think that he is yet a major force. Care, valour: yes. Excitement: no. I have always been told of Lewis Waller's gold-trumpet voice, and I remember Olivier at the Vic in 1937, and Alec Clunes there earlier this year. Those players excited me. Richard Burton, in spite of intermittent gleams—as in the scene with the three traitors at Southampton and in the reading of the two casualty lists—does not stir the spirit. I missed the note of "God for Harry, England and Saint George!"

This is my complaint about the production generally. It has much superficial animation. The banners wave. But at the première I was not often moved, and then, as a rule, by small things: by Barbara Jefford's speaking of a few quite unremarkable lines for the Queen of France; by Duncan Lamont's heavy acceptance of defeat as Montjoy the herald, "The day is yours"; by the deep voice of Peter Williams's Exeter; and by Michael Gwynn as the mad Charles the Sixth when he called the muster-roll of the French nobility, so often cut. But Mr. Gwynn overplays some of the King's scenes.

The performance I shall remember most is Alan Badel's silken-insolent Dauphin, a fellow of dangerous quietness. Michael Redgrave is a determined Chorus. Hugh Griffith has some early fun with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who speaks the entire genealogical table—something I had not heard before—and emphasises wickedly the line, "As clear as is the summer's sun." But I cannot imagine why, later, he is not allowed the superb phrase, "The singing masons building roofs of gold." And, once more, a Bishop of Ely fumbles that salute to Henry, "My thrice-puissant liege is in the very Maymorn of his youth."

The set is the permanent frame used for the other histories, with some crafty adjustments. Anthony Quayle, as producer, keeps things moving; but this is not, maybe, a *Henry* that ascends the high heaven of invention.

GRIFF at the Memorial Theatre Stratford-on-Avon

. . with J. C. TREWIN

Hazel Penwarden
as Katherine

Michael Gwynn
as Charles VI of France

A SLEEP OF PRISONERS

(St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street)

I AM always dubious about a dramatist who writes for three or four characters only. Work of this sort is so often tenuous, a mere exercise in construction. Again and again, as A or B approaches the telephone for the twentieth time, I have found myself clawing at the programme and muttering : " This can't go on. There must be another character somewhere." And, alas, there never is.

If you have suffered in this way, you can forget your cares when you go to Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners.* Fry has only four people in the cast ; but he manipulates them cunningly. He is never playing for time. The piece is short : it lasts round about an hour, and it is packed with meaning. Moreover, there is no telephone. There could hardly be one, for the action passes in an empty church in which four prisoners are confined during a war.

The men fall asleep and become involved in a sequence of dreams during which they appear as various Old Testament figures. We hear the stories of Cain and Abel, of Joab and Absalom, of Abraham and Isaac, and of the men who walked in the fiery furnace. The dreams are entwined ; the writing is not always easy, but Fry has something to say, and he does say it with force. He asks whether there must be always the long horror of war (" Strange how we trust the powers that ruin and not the powers that bless ") ; and he proclaims that Good is " enough to subdue cities and men if we believe it with a long courage of truth." It can be a difficult play, but it excites and it grows in the memory. Every now and then we hear, in such phrases as these, the voice of the Fry we have come to know : " The scarlet shoots of spring " ; " The hay-silver evening " ; " Amor vincit insomnia " ; " Under the eaves of seven-storeyed flames." The four soldiers are acted by Denholm Elliott, Stanley Baker, Hugh Pryse and Leonard White with sympathetic understanding ; and Michael MacOwan's production smoothes the play along most ingeniously.

★

INTIMATE RELATIONS

(Strand)

FAY COMPTON repeats her urgent performance (seen first at the Arts) of a very trying woman, a possessive mother, in a drama adapted from the French of Jean Cocteau, by Charles Frank. It is advertised as " the play that staggered all France " ; but Cocteau has done better work than this and with no need for a label. The noisy business does show at least that Miss Compton can hold a stage as triumphantly as ever.

Plans for the Future

It is almost certain, I believe, that Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners*, in Michael MacOwan's production, will be transferred to a church in New York at the end of its limited London revival. Since it first left London and went into the provinces, it has played, I am told, to " capacity churches." So many visitors wished to see it in town during their Festival holiday that the piece was brought back to St. Thomas's Church.

IN EDINBURGH.

There will be enough to do during the three weeks' Festival in and around Edinburgh which begins on August 19. Shaw, who has had a good theatrical year, will be represented by *Pygmalion*, with Margaret Lockwood's Eliza. In the following week John Gielgud and *The Winter's Tale* company go up from the Phœnix (returning later to London for an indefinite run) ; and during the third week, a distinguished French cast presents two plays by Anouilh. Add to that *The Three Estates*, the Dunfermline Abbey *King of Scots*, and the Irish Players' three weeks' season at Lauriston Hall, and there is a Festival.

THE ABBEY MANNER.

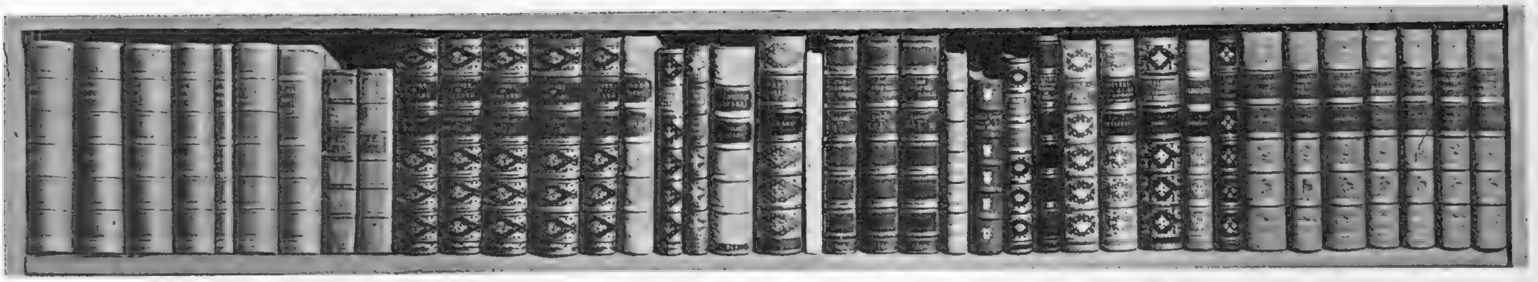
I understand that the Irish cast for Edinburgh—one that bears the stamp of the Abbey, powerful yet though the theatre is temporarily in ruins—will include Siobhan McKenna and Denis O'Dea, Peggy Hayes, Dennis O'Brennan, and James Neylin. The programmes—to be presented alternately—are Lennox Robinson's *The White-headed Boy* and a double bill of Yeats's *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* and Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*.

A CORNISH FESTIVAL.

Cornwall, where Foote was born and Henry Irving was bred, is still hardly a strong point in the professional theatre. But its amateurs are remarkably active. The Cornish Drama Festival, which has covered a variety of plays—nearly all of them new and staged at such places as Bodmin Parish Church, St. Ives Guildhall and Gwennap Pit—is now ending with performances of Nora Ratcliff's *Tristan of Cornwall* in the magnificent Minack cliff theatre at Porthcurno, and the pageant-play, *The Work of Our Hands*, in the Cathedral of Truro.

GETTING AROUND.

John Whiting's *Saint's Day*, third of the pieces short-listed for the Arts Theatre prize, will begin its three weeks' run on August 29. . . . William Douglas-Home has written a play on the young Melbourne : Hugh Williams and Joan Greenwood are likely to appear. . . . Michel Saint-Denis, Glen Byam Shaw and George Devine will continue to operate the Old Vic School for a further period of not more than three terms.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

MY COUSIN RACHEL. By Daphne du Maurier. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

TI-COYO AND HIS SHARK. By Clément Richer. (*Hart-Davis ; 8s. 6d.*)

NO HIGHER MOUNTAIN. By Anthony Armstrong. (*Methuen ; 10s. 6d.*)

PLAYS OF THE YEAR 1950. Edited by J. C. Trewin. (*Elek ; 18s.*)

TEAR everything but the story out of one of Miss Daphne du Maurier's inescapably readable novels, examine the naked plot and you will find, as likely as not, that it is a commonplace affair. In *My Cousin Rachel*, for instance, it is no more than the long perplexity of a nineteenth-century young man over his cousin's widow, with whom he is in love, culminating in a rather cowardly and contrived murder. The older man, Ambrose Ashley, marries Rachel, very much a *femme fatale*, the widow already of an Italian called Sangalletti and Ambrose dies at her villa in Florence after a rather mysterious illness. The young cousin Philip, to whom Ambrose has been guardian and hero, has received rather disturbing letters from Ambrose and, some months after his death, a letter, which was never posted, reaches him by a coincidence and from it he learns that Ambrose went so far as to suspect his wife of poisoning him. Rachel turns up at the house in Cornwall which Philip has inherited from Ambrose and the young man falls in love with her. This situation fills the bulk of the book, a torment of doubt and suspicion underlying a very real and urgent love. Has Rachel been badly treated by Ambrose, who left her without provision of any kind? Or is she evil and a poisoner who is now trying to make good her loss? What are her relations with her mysterious friend Rainaldi, whom Ambrose hated and suspected and who comes to Cornwall to see her? Is her knowledge of herbal remedies dangerous? What are these tisanes she makes and why has she a packet of poisonous laburnum seeds in her drawer? Every circumstance is capable of a construction both sinister and completely innocent and the lovelorn young man is torn to and fro before the climax of the story. There is nothing remarkable in all this, but it is told with effectively bated breath, with the author's well-known flair for creating an atmosphere of suspense and, above all, with the implicit and imparted belief of a good novelist in her own people and events. With readability plus, in fact.

NOW and again a book appears—and of late years it is as often as not a translation from the French—which has not only the originality essential to all good work, but the lesser originalities as well, of setting, of plot, of people. It not only has something new to say, but a new way of saying it. Such a book is *Ti-Coyo and his Shark*, by Clément Richer, which has been ably translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. It consists of a story, a whole story, and nothing but a story, about the young son of a hunchback mulatto. At least, Cocoyo is called a mulatto, but Ti-Coyo's descent is complicated: "His father, Cocoyo, had been the product of a passionate interlude between a White (some casual sailor) and an anonymous negress. His mother, Dora, for her part, was the legitimate daughter of a Hindu and a Chinese woman, both of them descended from those Hindu and Chinese coolies who had been imported into the islands to fill a gap left by rebellious negroes. The child, therefore, united in his own small person the four races of mankind." While still a small boy, he makes friends with a young shark, a loyal and cheerful fish who obligingly eats all Ti-Coyo's competitors in the coin-diving business so that the family flourishes. Warned by Manidou, the shark, of an impending eruption of Mont Pele, Ti-Coyo and his family escape, taking with them the white girl Lucie who becomes Ti-Coyo's wife. Within the margins of this comedy the author introduces passages of macabre beauty, of lyric horror, which do not for a moment seem out of place in its elastic framework. After a tidal wave, the dead are in the sea in thousands. "This army of the dead was floating in from all sides at once, bobbing about in long, silent files at the mercy of the currents which, in that part of the world, are numerous. They followed one another—colliding, stopping, hurrying. At times they lay almost motionless between opposing tides, one of which was setting towards Castrees, the other towards Port-of-Spain. They would meet with an air of solemn courtesy, as though in greeting, then part gravely until a little further on the horrible movement of their dance began again." That cruelly vivid little passage conveys some notion of this writer's power and individuality. They seem to me to be both significant and highly promising.

MR. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG uses a well-tried formula for his novel *No Higher Mountain*. A miner's son is thrashed by his father for not doing his best in school and so gaining knowledge which will bring him power. The boy is ambitious and sets about the conquest of worlds around him so successfully that, when he reaches middle age, he is a multi-millionaire with a peerage, controlling international metal combines and consulted by the Prime Minister at intervals. The author's portrait of him at this time is not a convincing one, unfortunately, for he is too petulant and vain, and too frankly silly, to inspire the reader's belief in him as any sort of superman, and his clumsy determination to "own" men and women seems futile, even absurd. There are a couple of old-fashioned love-stories interwoven, with dialogue between the lovers which belongs to the 1920's. Finally, Lord Lomax's interest in criminology and a chance conversation at a party, during which a doctor holds forth on a method of committing murder undetected, lead to an unexpected climax. The story is readable enough, but its breezy manner, jollying along through a series of well-described events, is not very much suited to a subject as grim and overpowering as a study of megalomania gradually overcoming a sound brain and leading to tragedy.

THE fourth volume in that most valuable series *Plays of the Year* is, like its predecessors, edited by J. C. Trewin. The selection is wise, but also happily varied. It should appeal strongly to two kinds of reader: the theatregoer who likes to read the text of a play he has seen and recognise the bits he liked, or discover the words he could not hear; or the reader who does not go to the theatre, but likes to enjoy the text of a play for its own sake. The latter class is increasing rapidly, the logical outcome of the modern preference for novels largely in dialogue, perhaps. As "reading," if I may be permitted the term, some of the five plays in this collection are first rate, particularly that brilliant piece of work *Seagulls over Sorrento*. Heard from the stage, the backchat of the lower deck may have been suspect at times, one may have felt that Mr. Hugh Hastings was sacrificing characterisation or true authenticity for the sake of a laugh, but in cold print every syllable rings true, a triumph of verisimilitude. *His Excellency*, by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, which Mr. Eric Portman, but as a black-and-white text, is surprisingly entertaining, though the authors' dice-loading is rather more apparent than in the production at the Prince's Theatre. *Background*, by Warren Chetham-Strode, seems a shade more conventional, more of a nice after-dinner drama of the upper middle classes, and *To Dorothy, a Son* would appear to be pretty feeble stuff without its brilliant cast to interpret it. *The Thistle and the Rose*, by William Douglas Home, does, as Mr. Trewin says, "what we expect of the historical-romantic theatre: it sounds all the trumpets and hangs out the flags." Altogether a book well worth possessing.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A CENTURY OF BRITISH MONARCHY.
By Hector Bolitho. (*Longmans ; 25s.*)

The usual blend of quotations from letters and memoirs and rather lifeless commentary.

THE LITTLE FELLOW.
By Peter Cotes and Thelma Niklaus. (*Elek ; 15s.*)

Much illustrated and highly enthusiastic account of the life and work of Charles Chaplin.

ALMS FOR OBLIVION.
By Robert Rishworth. (*Hale ; 9s. 6d.*)

Mighty passionate, highly-coloured and sophisticated stuff this, which shifts from Corsica to Tunis and then to Paris.

TO-MORROW SOMETIMES COMES.
By F. G. Rayer. (*Home and Van Thal ; 9s. 6d.*)

Every novel of the future out-does the last in promising gloomy prospects for mankind. This one has a world governed by a calculating machine.

WE MUSTN'T UPSET THE STAFF.
By Caroline Christon. (*Falcon Press ; 13s. 6d.*)

Story of the author, her husband, called throughout the book "the Great Man," and her ex-R.A.F. son, who says "only jobs I know are flying and killing. Pretty good at both." They start a private hotel in Stratford-upon-Avon and have great difficulty in finding and keeping a staff.

AUNT MIRANDA'S MURDER.
By John Newton Chance. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)

Cheerful and ingenious murder mystery.

Guests took the air between dances on the lawns of the floodlit Royal Pavilion, which they reached by long subterranean passages from the Corn Exchange, where the Ball was held.

Brighton's Regency Ball

FOR six hours Brighton became the Prince Regent's gay Brighthelmstone once more on the night of July 27, when over 600 guests danced at the Regency Festival Ball in the Corn Exchange. Regency bucks in cut-away coats and knee-breeches, women in brilliant gowns of the period, were met at the entrance by periwigged flunkeys. Scott Slimon had decorated the ballroom like a tent in candy-striped muslin and the splendid chandeliers sparkled. Blue and pink boxes flanked the walls. Maurice Winnick supplemented his orchestra by his Latin-American band and, incongruously in their Regency costumes, guests danced sambas, rumbas, fox-trots. Many distinguished dancers included Doreen Lady Brabourne in a handsome Regency get-up and Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton in the oyster-pink dress of a Regency ancestor.

Continued overleaf.

Arriving *en grande tenue* were Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Slot, with Mr. and Mrs. Colton in the background.

Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, sister of the Marquess of Anglesey, with the Duke of Devonshire.

Mrs. Audrey Ver
Lecc

Brighton's Regency Ball

(continued)

The Duke of Devonshire, centre, escorted his party round the Regency Exhibition at the Pavilion, for which the King and the Queen have lent works of art from Buckingham Palace which were formerly in the Pavilion.

Mr. Geoff
with a pa
Mr.

The Regency Look well worn by (l. to r.) Mrs. V. Huffam, Mrs. F. M. Pennycock, Mrs. and Mr. Frank Covey, Mr. Wynford Vaughan Thomas, Mr. Arnold Goodman.

Discussion between Mr.
Brabourne, M

fluttered her fan
gly.

Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal danced with Sir Michael Duff.

Lotery, in a 1790 costume as George III., jested
in a box. L. to r.: Mrs. Lotery, Mrs. J. Sykes,
erek Selby and Mrs. Lionel Fewster.

In the Banqueting Room of the Royal Pavilion, under a *chinoiserie* mural, Miss Priscilla Hastings and Mr. Hugh Powell chatted.

Lunnard, Mr. Hamish Hamilton, Doreen Lady
milton and the Hon. James Smith.

Serious talk between Mrs. Mattli, Mr. Edlin, Mrs. Clifford Brown, Mrs. Edlin and Mr. Clifford Brown.

Paul Scofield's Hamlet, in the 1948 production with its Early Victorian costumes, was indeed a " sweet prince " and one who suffered profoundly : a lithe, quivering figure, hurt to the soul.

Claire Bloom and John Justin as Perdita and Florizel in The Winter's Tale *of 1948. These are the lovers who move in gentleness through the flowered idyll of Bohemia.*

Godfrey Tearle, one of the noblest Shakespeareans of his day, in the Othello *productions of 1948 and 1949. No Othello in our recollection has been more deeply affecting.*

SHAKESPEARE

WHERE the Avon is curved like a bow as it runs in silver by Shakespeare's town, a great theatre stands upon what, in the poet's day, was the Bancroft, or river-meadow. In London, the Bankside ; in Stratford-upon-Avon, the Bancroft. London's playhouse was the Globe where Shakespeare worked ; Stratford's is a theatre where his memory is preserved, midway between the house where he was born and the church where he was buried. It took a long time for the players to come to Stratford. Since 1879, thanks largely to the resolution of the Flower family, there has been a Shakespeare Festival, and the present building—opened in 1932—is knowing at last its proper fame.

Stratford has had notable directors—Frank Benson's work will linger in the mind—and many distinguished players ; but it does these no injustice to say that the Memorial began to take its true place when Sir Barry Jackson came to it in 1946. For three years Sir Barry, one of the first names of the British stage, was in charge at Stratford. When he retired, Anthony Quayle, an actor and producer of vision, took up the task.

Now, a superb photographic record, *Shakespeare Memorial Theatre*, 1948-1950 (Reinhardt and Evans ; 15s.), presents in scene and character the work of the years immediately before the present season. Ivor Brown and Anthony Quayle have written prefaces, Mr. Brown (" Stratford from Without ") summoning the town and Shakespeare's Warwickshire with his accustomed grace and flash of phrase, and Mr. Quayle (" The Theatre from Within ") speaking upon the policy of the Memorial. At present,

Diana Wynyard as she appeared in Michael Benthall's elaborate production of A Midsummer Night's Dream *during 1949. She played Helena, one of the Athenian lovers, a study richly conceived.*

Peggy Ashcroft's Beatrice, who glinted through the 1950 revival of Much Ado About Nothing. *She was never that horror, a skittish Beatrice. Always her mind was under a dancing star.*

Anthony Quayle, Stratford's director, as Henry the Eighth in the chronicle play which Tyrone Guthrie produced so swiftly and ingeniously (1949 and 1950) in Tanya Moiseiwitsch's permanent set.

John Gielgud as the hollow pillar of Vienna, Angelo, a hypocrite self-betrayed, and Barbara Jefford as the chaste Isabella, gave fine performances in the Measure for Measure *of 1950.*

AT STRATFORD

reconstructed internally and splendidly manned, it is, with London's Old Vic, one of the two major theatres in Britain.

The photographs on these pages, reproduced from the book, evoke three full seasons. The Festival now lasts for some six months annually; in 1879 it ran for a fortnight in the spring. During 1948-1950, fifteen Shakespearean plays were presented and this year we have had another five. All told, thirty-six of the plays have been done during the long run of Stratford Festivals. One remains for revival, the early and lurid tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*.

Between the spring of 1948 and the winter of 1950, the most memorable performances and productions were Godfrey Tearle's majestic Othello, Paul Scofield's Hamlet, Tyrone Guthrie's treatment of *Henry the Eighth*, and John Gielgud's Angelo, Cassius, Benedick, and Lear in the season of 1950 always to be marked with his name. Peggy Ashcroft, whose Cordelia was the incarnation of goodness, and whose Beatrice could fight the Merry War, joined Gielgud. Diana Wynyard and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Leon Quartermaine, Harry Andrews, Robert Helpmann and Anthony Quayle were others eminent. This book recreates and preserves their creations. It reminds us, too, of the excellence of such producers as Guthrie, Peter Brook (with his *Measure for Measure*) and Michael Benthall. "Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd?" Indeed they are. So, also, are the playgoers. And Shakespeare should be well pleased to be honoured as he is to-day, in his native town.

J. C. T.

John Gielgud in the distracted majesty of King Lear, and Alan Badel as his wryly pathetic Fool, face Shakespeare's most furious storm in the 1950 revival of this great tragedy.

● TALES WITH A STING

MRS. HARDING

By Bridget Chetwynd

WELL outside the town, and only about half an hour's walk from our village, alone in the middle of waste land, was the old cemetery. It had not been used for more than half a century. No one went near it and weeds grew thick and tall. It had been much damaged by a load of bombs from a retreating aeroplane during the Blitz, but there had been no repairs. Mausoleums were windowless, with swinging doors, their shelves of coffins mouldily exposed, their Gothic encrustation chipped. Flat on its marble beak on the ground lay a dove which had been swept from the top of some high pillar. There were disabled angels, too, some winged, some holding out beseeching stumps of arms, one with half her cape of flowing hair blown away.

I used to walk there when I wanted to be alone and peaceful. In fine weather I took a book. The place was always deserted until the afternoon the Hardings appeared.

I had known them for years ; in the country, one can't help knowing everyone who lives near. Theirs was one of those middle-sized houses that are usually called Something " Grange " or " Lodge." It had a pretentious gravel sweep, was red, and prickly with gables. Inside was a fusty, cluttered gloom, strictly uncomfortable, all the surfaces cold and hard : brass, or dark wood and some unyielding leather. Curtains within and trees without fought for supremacy over the daylight which never seemed to get more than half-way across any of the rooms.

In the gloom lurked widowed Mrs. Harding, fierce and watchful in her self-propelled invalid chair, which gave her the evil detachment of a freak. Always with her were her two sons, Edmund and Dominick, clumsy, fitfully garrulous, like monster idiot schoolboys, shedding their thin hair year by year in a captivity to which they knew no alternative. It was an alarming home to visit, and I did so as seldom as possible, but about once a year I was obliged to go there to tea and once a year they came to tea with us.

The sight of the wheeled chair bumping along, Mrs. Harding apparently grafted to it and escorted by her ageing boys, was never welcome. I was particularly annoyed to see the trio approaching in my cemetery.

The chair recognised me first and slowed down, before the heavy-laden faces jerked into expressions of greeting. Then we stood grinding out the customary exchanges.

They displayed interest in the cemetery ; Edmund even tittered naughtily, like an excited child, about the accessibility of the coffins ; Dominick had one of his fits of garrulousness and recalled something he had read about tomb robberies in ancient Egypt.

I got away from them as soon as I could and gloomily hurried home. It was sickening to think that my cemetery would now be haunted by fear of the Hardings, and after that, whenever I went there, I skulked nervously, hanging about the larger monuments, so as to be able to take cover if necessary. I only actually encountered them at fairly long intervals, but the peace of the place was destroyed.

Then, one hot summer, I took to going there at night. I often slept badly, but I found the old, crumbling place soothing, and only creepy enough to be slightly thrilling and stimulating. By starlight or moonlight the period marble effigies glimmered romantically and there really seemed no likelihood that the Hardings would appear at such a time.

One specially hot, delicious night I spent about an hour there. A new moon gave ample, cool light and everything was quiet.

Suddenly I heard a horribly familiar sound—the trundling of wheels and shambling footsteps. It seemed too bad to be true, but there they were, all three, the two boys pushing the old chair-lady. I was furious. How dared they come at night ? Feeling myself unjustly driven from my own domain, I rushed away, luckily unnoticed by them.

After that I sulked for a time. I felt the cemetery was not large enough, nor the night long enough, to contain the Hardings and me. Then I reflected that I had only seen them on one of my many night visits. It had been particularly hot, enough to keep anyone awake, but with luck they would not make a habit of such unsuitable excursions.

Cautiously I resumed my dark wanderings. And it was all right ; no more Hardings, though now, of course, there was always the nagging fear.

But I didn't see them by night or day for some time. Then in the baker's shop, I met Dominick and Edmund on their own. I had never seen them without their mother before and was startled.

I asked about her and was told she had gone away to live with a younger, unmarried sister who had been a nurse. Poor Mother, they said, she was such an old lady now, she needed more nursing than they could give her.

I was astonished at first. Yet why not ? It was mere habit to feel they must always, inevitably, be together.

Dominick and Edmund asked me to go back to tea with them. Too dazed by this splitting of the family atom to resist, I went.

The house was the same, but the grey, sewer life seemed distinctly to have quickened and lightened. Dominick and Edmund were brighter and brisker.

And why not ? Why shouldn't they be human enough to appreciate the absence of that terrible old woman ?

I got away as soon as I could, of course, but as I went, I felt mildly benevolent towards the monstrous pair and glad to think that, at last, they had respite from their filial grind.

That night I woke up suddenly and very completely. Something at the back of my mind was nagging for attention. Something to do with the Hardings' house.

It was maddening. I couldn't go to sleep again. And I simply couldn't remember what it was I had noticed in the house that was bothering me.

At last I decided to get up and go for one of my walks in the cemetery. All the way there I was straining to remember.

Then, as I wandered among the graves, I thought of that one time I had seen them here at night, the boys pushing the chair in the moonlight.

The chair ! That was it, the teasing thing at the back of my mind. By the half-light in the Hardings' passage, nearly hidden under the stairs, I had seen it, empty : the chair that formed such an indispensable part of Mrs. Harding, that almost *was* her.

I stood quite still. I was near the blasted mausoleums now, near where I had seen the trio that night.

Why had Dominick and Edmund been *pushing* the chair ? Usually their mother propelled herself.

There was a creak from the idly swinging door of one of the mausoleums. I just managed not to scream. But I couldn't stop myself from running, wildly and frantically, running away and away from my cemetery and from those shelves of exposed coffins, in one of which, I now knew, there mouldered, crushing the bones of its original occupant, the heavy body of Mrs. Harding.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

1.—T.A.S.P.O., the first all-steel band to visit England, makes its début here as a Festival contribution from the people of Trinidad and Tobago, who raised 15,000 West Indian dollars to send them over. The musicians are drawn from the best players of Trinidad's 70-odd bands, now formed into the Trinidad Steel Band Association. Dust-bin lids, biscuit tins, brake drums and all sorts of metal objects are used to make sound, and the band is conducted on the Festival site with verve and virtuosity by Lieut. Joseph Griffith. On the left, Philmore Davidson beats his dust-bin drums.

1.—THE TRINIDAD ALL-STEEL PERCUSSION ORCHESTRA : For flirting with the threat of nationalisation (!) to make steely harmony in Britain's Festival.

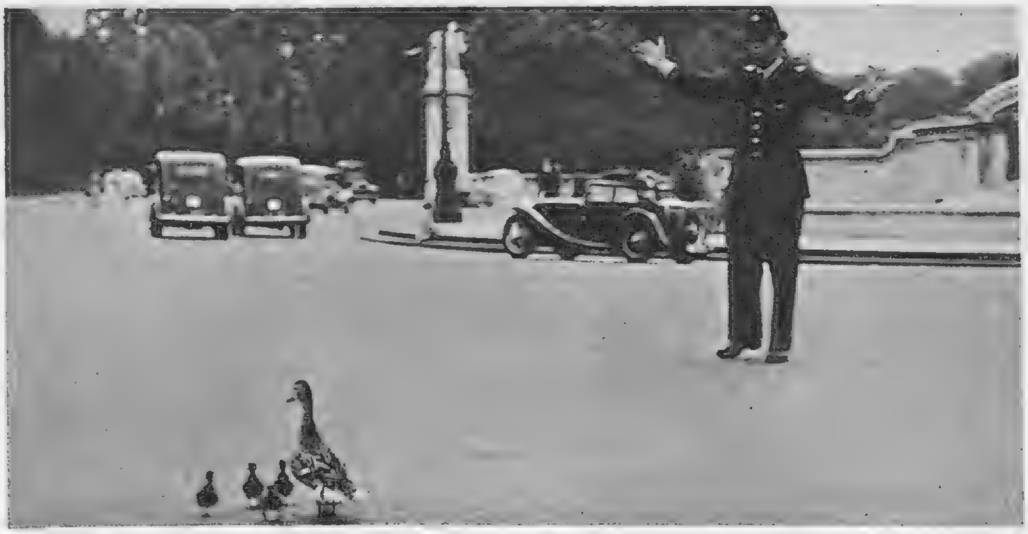
2.—American appreciation of the stage performances of young English actor Denholm Elliott reaches its third manifestation with the bestowal of the Donaldson Award for the best Broadway début performance of the 1950-51 season, in the Anouilh-Fry play, *Ring Round the Moon*. A scroll and golden key have been sent him from New York. Earlier, for the same play, New York critics voted him the most promising young foreign actor ; and for his work in Fry's *Venus Observed* in London he won the Clarence Derwent award for the best foreign performance. Elliott is now appearing in Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners* at St. Thomas' Church, Regent Street.

3.—Games mistress of Hampstead's Henrietta Barnett School, Mary Duggan played a star part in England's Test victory at the Oval in the season's third and last women's Test match. Bowling left-handed, fast-medium, she dismissed the first five Australians for five runs in the last innings. She took nine wickets in the match for 104 ; equalled a woman's Test series record of 20 wickets. England won the Test by 137 runs in the first victory over Australia since 1937. The Ashes remain with Australia, but each team won one match ; the other was drawn.

2.—DENHOLM ELLIOTT : For America's triple recognition of his talent.

3.—MARY DUGGAN, whose demon bowling brought England's women cricketers their first Test victory over Australia since 1937.

4.—Returning from the Palace to their natural home—the lake in St. James's Park—this duck and her family of four had no need to hurry themselves, for the vigilant constable on duty saw to it that they were well and truly guarded against traffic dangers. The babies should have something to quack about when they grow up.



4.—THIS POLICEMAN : For giving well-deserved safe conduct to some Very Important Visitors from Buckingham Palace.

Social

Abroad

ROSES FOR AN ACE.

PRETENDER'S SON.

ROSES FOR AN ACE.

At Coral Gables, Florida, Miss Doris Hart, triple-crown winner of the Wimbledon lawn-tennis championships, was met with a big bouquet from three Florida mayors—D. Lee Powell, Miami Beach, William Wolfarth, of Miami, and Dave Hendrick when she got back fresh from her triumphs.

PRETENDER'S SON.

Don Juan Carlos, eldest son of Spain's Pretender, Don Juan de Bourbon, had a ride in the Hypodrome of Cascais, Portugal. He 's holidaying in fashionable Estoril with his father and mother.

PARIS ENGAGEMENT.

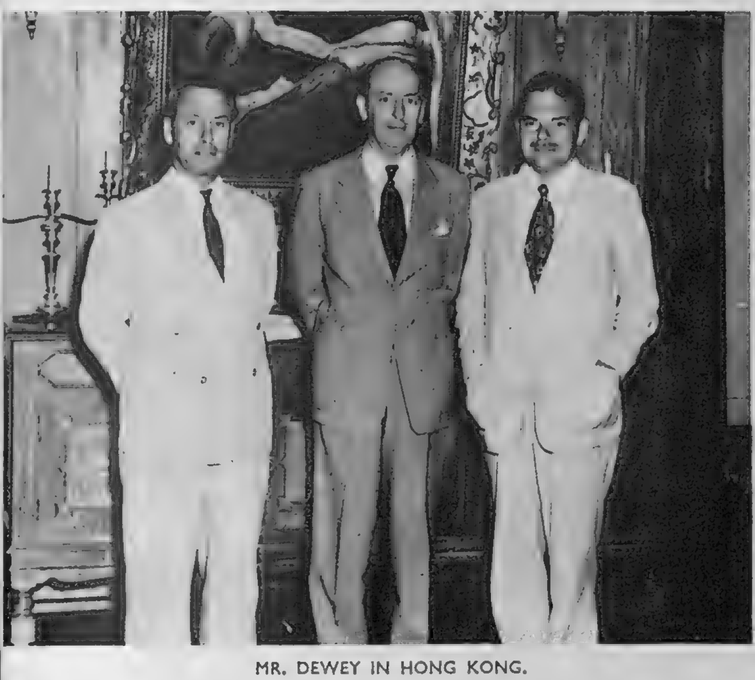
PET FOR A QUEEN.

PARIS ENGAGEMENT.

Mlle. Françoise (Ninette) Dreyfus gave her fiancé a light for his cigarette. He 's the son of Lord Swaythling, of Bridley Manor, Worplesdon, Surrey, and of Mrs. Elliott Blake, of Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, and is studying Continental banking methods in Paris. Mlle. Dreyfus' father and mother are M. and Mme. Edgar Dreyfus, of 5, rue de Chaillot, Paris, 16e.

PET FOR A QUEEN.

During official visit to Meerkerk, Holland's Queen Juliana caused lots of fun when a goat presented to her led her Majesty off with the air of a courtier.



MR. DEWEY IN HONG KONG.

IN THE FAMILY TRADITION.

MR. DEWEY IN HONG KONG.

Touring in the Far East, New York's forthright Governor, Mr. Thomas E. Dewey (right) called on Sir Alexander Grantham, Hong Kong's Governor and C.-in-C. (centre), and (left) Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the U.K. in S.-E. Asia. They were snapped under a judicial portrait in Hong Kong's Government House.

IN THE FAMILY TRADITION.

On a Stockholm lawn-tennis court, athletic Princess Desirée, granddaughter of King Gustav Adolf of Sweden, was caught serving. She and her sisters, Princesses Margarethe and Birgitta, are learning to play the game which their grandfather enjoyed up to the age of ninety.

Diary

Home

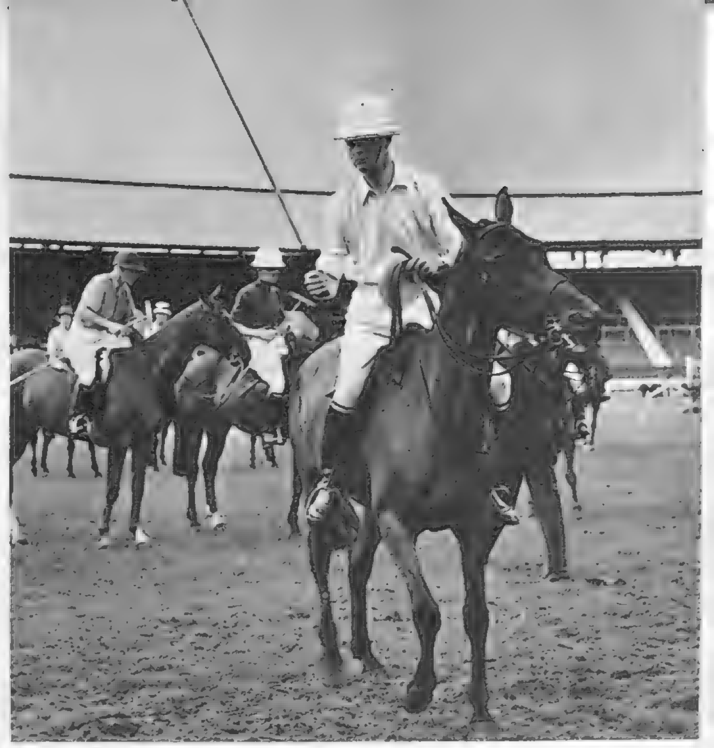
JULY 24.

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.
Mr. Derrick Allix Pease, son of Sir Richard and Lady Pease, of Prior House, Richmond, Yorkshire, married the Hon. Rosemary Portman, younger daughter of the late (fifth) Viscount Portman and of Sybil Lady Portman, of Staple Fitzpaine, Taunton, Somerset.

JULY 24.

POLO PONY PRIZEWINNER.
In polo kit Lord Blandford rode his pony Zephyr, with which he took first prize in the polo ponies class at the International Horse Show at the White City.

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.



POLO PONY PRIZEWINNER.

JULY 25.

COWES—DINARD.
Sixty-seven yachts, including fourteen French, one Belgian, started in the nineteenth Cowes—Dinard race organised by the Yacht Club de Dinard and the R.O.R.C. A fine day and the spinnakers out. Left : Mrs. Penelope Battinson served as member of the crew of her husband's Jocasta, which I hear on going to press, finished second in Class I., Mr. M. D. N. Wyatt's Bloodhound being the winner. Right : Picture taken just after the start, with Planet, owned by H.M.S. Dryad, in the foreground.

COWES—DINARD.

JULY 25.

AT ROEHAMPTON.
With every player up to his handicap, the British polo team, playing as Hurlingham, won a thrilling second Festival match against the Argentine Espadaña by 6—3. Princess Elizabeth, watching with the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, presented the huge King's Coronation Cup to Hurlingham's captain, Gerald Balding, who scored four goals for his side.

JULY 25.

THE BRABAZON WENT UP
and returned to London Airport after her maiden passenger-carrying flight. In the picture top-hatted Lord Brabazon of Tara came down the gangway with other passengers from the world's biggest airliner. New hangars are being built to house this mammoth.

AT ROEHAMPTON.

THE BRABAZON WENT UP.

Social

INTERNATIONAL BALLET.

DOUGLAS-HOME — BRAND WEDDING.

JULY 26.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET.

At the Royal Festival Hall little coming ballerinas were fascinated by the Duchess of Kent, who attended gala performance of International Ballet in aid of National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs.

JULY 26.

DOUGLAS-HOME — BRAND WEDDING.

Princess Margaret was at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when the Hon. William Douglas-Home, son of the late Earl of Home and of the Dowager Lady Home, married Miss Rachel Brand, daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Brand, of Mill Court, Alton, Hants.

HORSE SENSE.

JULY 26.

HORSE SENSE.

Jumping teams from Eire, Italy and Spain lost most coveted international trophy—Prince of Wales Cup—to British (no-fault) team at International Horse Show, White City. On left : The British winners, l. to r., Colonel Harry Llewellyn on famous Foxhunter ; Mr. W. H. White on Nizefella ; Mr. E. Holland Martin on Aberlow ; Mr. Alan Oliver on Red Star II. Competition is for teams of four twice round a course of fourteen huge fences, which has been described as most difficult show-jumping course in the world. Right : Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, handed the Cup to Colonel Llewellyn.

IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

DUKE IN ACTION.

JULY 27.

IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Mr. John R. E. Berney, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, son of Sir Thomas Berney, Dragon House, Downton, and of Mrs. G. Pain, Southern Rhodesia, married Miss Jean Davina Stuart, daughter of the Hon. James Stuart, M.P., and Lady Rachel Stuart, Harthill House, Redlynch, Salisbury. Major-General and Mrs. G. F. H. Brooke lent Malmesbury House, Salisbury, for the reception.

JULY 28.

DUKE IN ACTION.

Playing at Sutton Park, Guildford, for Maidensgrove v. Hertfordshire in second round of Cowdray Park Junior Challenge Cup, was the Duke of Edinburgh. Maidensgrove received half a goal ; won by 4½ to 2. H.R.H. owns a string of polo ponies, gift of Turkish President, was tutored in the game by uncle, Lord Mountbatten ; has lots of dash.

Diary

JULY 28.

MALVERN WEDDING.

At Holy Trinity, Malvern, Lieut. (E) Morfryn Howard-Smith, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. H. Howard-Smith, of St. Michael's, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, married Miss Patricia A. Lord, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Lord, of The Halesend, Storridge.

SUSSEX WEDDING.

At Church of St. Philip Neri, Arundel, the Hon. Hugo Money-Coutts, son of Lord and Lady Latymer, of Cinderhill Farm, Mayfield, married Miss P. A. A. (Ann) Emmet, daughter of the late Mr. T. A. Emmet and of the Hon. Mrs. Emmet, of Amberley Castle.

MALVERN WEDDING.

SUSSEX WEDDING.

JULY 31.

PAGE WAS MISSING.

After the wedding at All Saints, Broseley, of the Hon. Christine Weld-Forester, daughter of Lord and Lady Forester, of Willey Park, Shropshire, and the Hon. Richard Orde-Powlett, son of Lord Bolton, of Bolton Hall, Leyburn, Yorkshire, a small attendant, the Hon. Peter Hotham, was missing. The little bridesmaid tried to find him.

NEW HOME.

Before returning to Ottawa, Canada's Governor-General, Lord Alexander, his wife and family, had busy holiday moving to Nightingales, pretty white, green-shuttered house at Chalfont St. Giles. Armed with paint and brushes the Field-Marshal and wife did lots of work on the house themselves.

PAGE WAS MISSING.

NEW HOME.

AUG. 1.

GOODWOOD.

150th anniversary, and Gordon Richards had a field day, won four races out of six—the Sussex Stakes on Le Sage, the Molecomb Stakes on Tayeh (see page 165), the Bentinck Stakes on Librarian, and the Selsey Stakes on Agitator. Mr. Churchill's gallant Colonist II. lost his near fore plate and the race in Bentinck Stakes. A good gathering in summer dress included: Left: Lord and Lady Harcourt with (right) the Duke of Richmond. Right: Sir Brian and Lady Mountain with (centre) Mr. John Rogerson.

GOODWOOD.

Social Diary

GOODWOOD.

AUG. 2.

GOODWOOD.

Third day weather pellucid, with breeze, brought masses to the beautiful course, filling enclosures, crowding Trundle Hill. Goodwood Cup went to France again, when Pan II., R. Poincelet up, won the race with ease from Amberley (L. Piggott) and Beau Sire (C. Smirke). But if this race disappointing, plenty of other excitements. Major McCalmont brought off a double with Fly's Eye in Singleton H'cap. and Speechmaker in the Rous Memorial Stakes—a thrilling, unexpected finish in the latter. Picture left : *H.H. the Begum Agc Khan with Mr. N. Waddington.* Right : *Mrs. Rupert Hardy and Lady Manton, in that order.*

COWES WEEK OPENED.

AUG. 6.

COWES WEEK OPENED.

Record fleet of yachts, all classes, in the Roads and harbour for Festival Regatta. Thundery drizzle didn't damp the ardour of Cowes' population, floating or otherwise. On Bank Holiday, crowds on sea front, watching the Flying Fifteens in which race the Duke of Edinburgh competed and won with his Coweslip ; Mr. Uffa Fox, her designer and builder, as crew. Coloured sails grow in favour, and Mr. M. D. N. Wyatt's Bloodhound, with broad-striped spinnaker, made history. Royal London Yacht Club Regatta opened the Week, and closed the night with big cocktail-party. Above, left : *Outside the R.Y.S.—Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, Mrs. Bertram Currie, Mr. John and Major R. Macdonald-Buchanan, who owns Kaylena, and Major Lorc Cathcart.* Above, right : *Watching racing from Island Sailing Club : Mrs. P. T. Tower, Mr. G. D. Glanville, Mr. David Jessel, Mr. R. Cullingford (half-hidden) and Mrs. David Jessel.* Below, left : *Lieut.-Commander Sir Robert Hobart's beautiful 33-tonner Eileen racing in the 25-ton and over class race.* Below, right : *Lord Camrose, Vice-Commodore the R.Y.S., left the clubhouse for his yacht in the harbour.*

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

OH, my dear paws and whiskers, how *cross* the critics have been with Walt Disney over his *Alice in Wonderland*! One can't help beginning to feel quite sorry for this poor fellow, who has not only invented a lot of delightful and imaginative things for the picture, but obviously made a real attempt to conciliate the people who will come to the cinema with their ideas of Alice and her world of wonders ready-made.

He has used a number of English voices for his cartoon characters —the choice of Richard Haydn's for the caterpillar, in particular, is a stroke of genius—and has been faithful as far as possible to the Tenniel drawings. The three card gardeners who paint the roses red, for example, come straight out of Tenniel; so do Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and the rocking-horse fly, and the bread-and-butter fly; and if the sedate cat Dinah has dwindled rather startlingly into the Black Kitten, nobody is likely to grumble at a change that has given us such a charming little creature, natural feline from the whiskers to the tip of the tail.

There are many attractive things in *Alice* that Disney has made up in the spirit of the original. Nothing could be better in its kind, for instance, than the manœuvres of the pack of cards on parade; Alice's long fall down the rabbit-hole; the choreography of the flowers in the Royal garden; and, above all, the superb scene with the Haydn caterpillar, an oriental gentleman to the last leg, producing evanescent figures of fish and crocodiles, and phonetic sentences such as "U.R.U.?" with every puff of coloured smoke from his hookah.

It is not really contrary to the spirit of Lewis Carroll to show half-a-cup of tea as a tea-cup cut in half; a talking door-handle—"One good turn," it tells Alice, "deserves another"; or a Cheshire Cat who literally stands on its head, as distinct from merely standing upside down. There is nothing really outrageous, either, in drawing on *Through the Looking-Glass*, as well as *Wonderland*, for his material; a licence that many adapters have taken before Disney. In order to contrive a cartoon picture of workable length, of course, a number of familiar characters have had to go; and I must admit it is disappointing to find so many old friends absent—Humpty Dumpty, the White Knight, the Duchess and the Pig-baby, the frog and fish footmen, and many others. But, on the whole, there is plenty of Lewis Carroll's fun left in Disney. What is missing is Lewis Carroll's gentleness.

For those of us who were brought up on the Alice books and remember something of the quiet, ample, orderly life of middle-class England from which they spring, it is difficult to accept an *Alice* that constantly recalls the radio and the variety show, both in its rowdiness and its pretty-prettiness.

The music-track is noisy, commonplace and trivial, and I can't help feeling it was a mistake to put so much of it on the air in a "radio preview" before we were able to form our judgment of the picture. There are something like a dozen songs, some of them starting off, at least, with Lewis Carroll's words, others unabashedly and unmistakably new. "You can learn a lot of things from the flow-ers," sings Alice, "And specially in the month of June." "In my world," she carols (with one r and one l),

There'd be new birds,
Friendly how-de-do birds
And everyone would have lots and lots of blue birds.

Pleasing, no doubt, to a certain kind of modern ear, but not to the ear that has been accustomed to *Alice in Wonderland* from childhood.

As I watched the picture, I couldn't help remembering a scene from *Mrs. Miniver*, in which Greer Garson, in the air-raid shelter, with the distant guns beginning to growl, read the end of *Alice* aloud to her children. That scene (and it was directed by an American, too), in spite of its irony, securely caught a magic, a golden glow from a gentle past, that Disney's bouncing picture has missed completely.

"She pictured to herself," read Miss Garson in her soft voice, "how this little sister of hers would, in the aftertime, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland long ago; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life and the happy summer days."

Whatever you may think of Disney's *Alice in Wonderland*, you can't help but love the beautiful little picture he is sending round the theatres with it as a curtain-raiser. This is called *Beaver Valley*, and it is a sequel to *Seal Island*, in the series of "True Life Adventures."

Beaver Valley is an account of a year in the life of the wild creatures—bird, fish and animal—who inhabit the region of a beaver pond, with a busy young beaver as its delightful hero. The film has something in it of the charm of Thornton Burgess's "Green Forest" books, but it differs from them in making no attempt to give the animals human characteristics or human voices. They remain simple creatures of the wild wood, acting in their natural manner.

As the seasons pass, and a remarkably good commentator speaks a notably good commentary (it took a nice imagination to think of a phrase such as "With the approach of winter, the sky wears a necklace of wild geese"), the colour camera presents one fascinating picture after another, and picks up details as fine as the winking of an owl's eye, or the pulsing of a frog's throat. The film does more than merely record, it actively composes. It builds up a structure of sound and image that sets *Beaver Valley* apart from all other nature pictures. In particular, there is a "Symphony of Night," with the voices of cricket, frog and owl accompanying the basic movements of the beaver, that is so exciting that it makes you want to stand up and cheer.

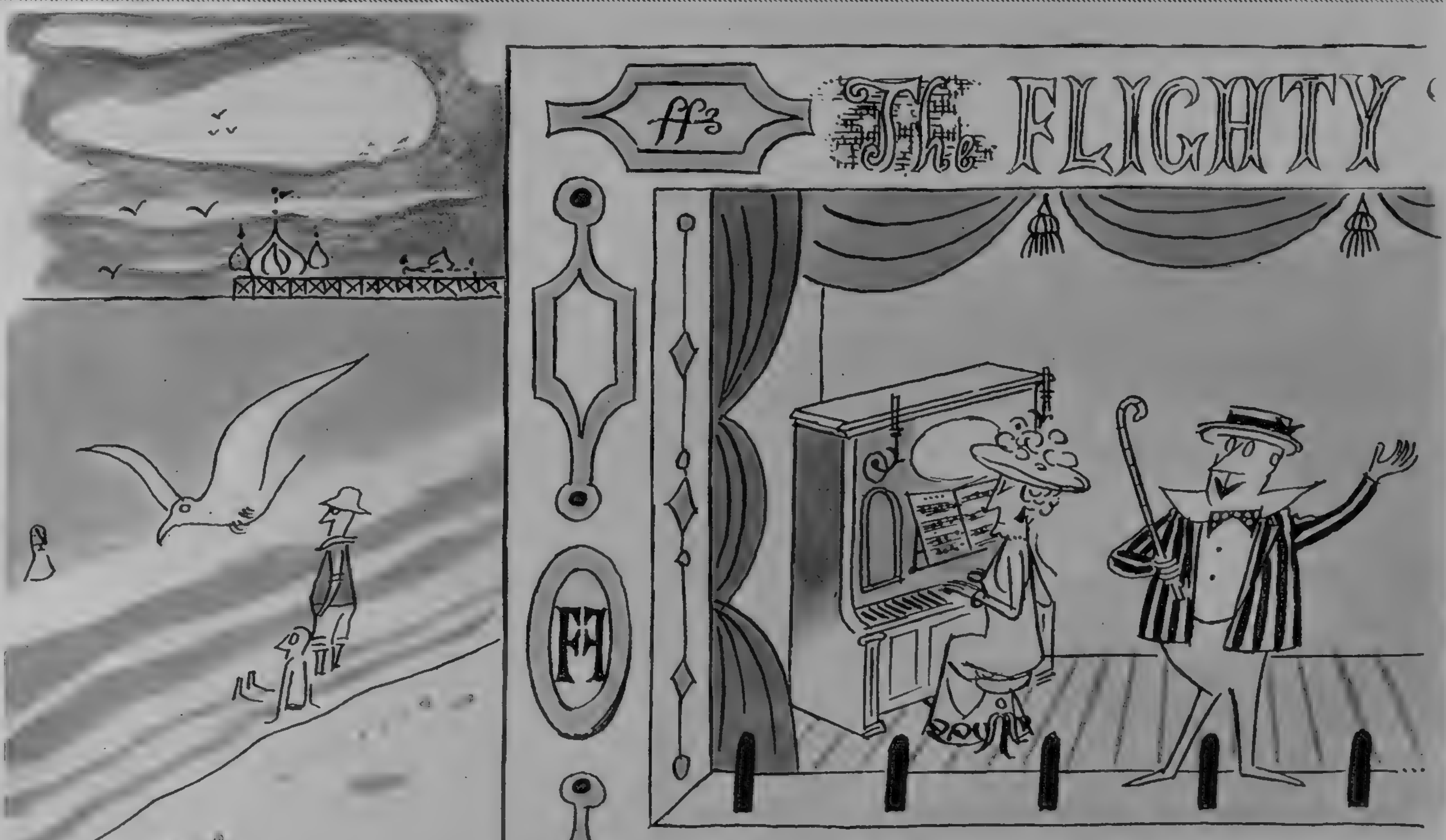
Talking of Greer Garson, which we were some moments ago, the lady is at her sparkling best in a new version of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, which has been re-titled, for some obscure reason, *The Law and the Lady*, and is far enough removed from the Lonsdale play to make one theatre veteran murmur, on coming out of the Press-show, that he felt he had seen the thing *somewhere* before.

Along its own lines, which are far-flung, taking in practically every gambler's paradise from Monte Carlo to California by way of Shanghai, the film is capital, and gives Hollywood the chance for some of its smoothest tea-table comedy. It goes on rather too long, and nobody has been very original about arranging the final curtain, but most of it is sharp, trim and expert and some good lines have been inched in to support the original dialogue.

Miss Garson, in a dark make-up which broadens and hardens her face surprisingly, contrives to give the lady's maid turned adventuress an accomplishment and subtlety that her predecessors never quite managed.

No Highway, produced by an American company in England, is a beauty. James Stewart, the gentlest and most sensitive of Hollywood actors, excels his *Harvey* with this sketch of a dim but dogged boffin, who longs to prove his theory that a certain type of airliner must disintegrate after 1440 flying hours, and finds himself approaching zero hour in one of the machines that may do so. The film is packed with quiet comedy and shrewd observation, and the acting, right through the cast, is all that it should be. Even Marlene Dietrich, as a film-star who somehow gets mixed up in the business, doesn't obtrude too much gilt and glamour, and Glynis Johns, as an air stewardess, seems as snug as a squirrel in its nest. Some of the best-written and best-acted scenes involve the relationship between the boffin and his wise, pathetic, motherless child. In this latter rôle young Janette Scott returns to the cinema after a session as television announcer in the Children's Hour, and seems to have come back with more composure and gravity than ever and not a spot less charm.

PREVIEW: M.-G.-M.'s courtroom drama, *The People Against O'Hara*, is due to open at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, at the end of September. Spencer Tracy plays the rôle of a famous criminal lawyer who breaks under the strain of deciding matters of life and death. He retires to civil law until a young man he believes to be innocent is accused of a gangster killing and he feels bound to accept his defence. *Left:* Tracy and screen daughter Diana Lynn talk over his new law career during breakfast. *Right:* Tracy, acting for defence, meets the prosecution (John Hodiak) and a detective (Pat O'Brien).



Illustrated by Michael ffolkes

Melvillainy

CONCERT PARTY

We 've a summer show (one mustn't call them pierrots)
At the Cosy Nook at Bungleton-on-Sea.
The party numbers five : they work like heroes
And the dearest seat is only one-and-three.
Though the summer shows at Blackpool may be bigger
Than " The Flighty Follies," I 'm prepared to bet
That they cannot touch for energy and vigour
Our performance (under cover, if it 's wet).

Our tenor, Wilfred Winn, is slim and supple ;
Our soprano, Gladys Grimshaw, is his wife ;
And they really make a most delightful couple
In duets like " Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life ! "
On Request Nights, Wilfred's simply inundated
With demands for " Bless This House " and also " Trees "
While Gladys seems irrevocably fated
To give us " One Fine Day," in several keys.

Our soubrette, Miss Popsy Piggott, sings and dances
And does gay impersonations, too, in tails—
Accompanied by winks and meaning glances
To such deck chairs as are occupied by males.
But our favourite is the comic, Billy Bristle,
Who drinks a lot, they say—as comics do.
At the matinées he 's clean as any whistle ;
At the evening shows he 's really rather blue.

There 's the pianist, of course, Miss Florence Foley :
A sad and languid, somewhat passé dame
Who, each change of programme, does accordion soli
All of which, one must admit, sound much the same.
That 's the total cast—but see them work together
In sketches or in scenas (" Gems from Strauss ") :
Gallant troupers (under cover, in bad weather)
With one pound four and ninepence in the house.

ALAN MELVILLE.

THE MOLECOMB STAKES: The Aga Khan, who has struck a non-winning patch with his horses recently, had the pleasure of seeing his filly *Tayeh*, ridden by Gordon Richards, win by three lengths from *Warning Light* (W. Johnstone up) and *Cleo* (N. Sellwood up).

GOODWOOD . . . by Quintin Gilbey

WHEN we arrived at Goodwood on the first day, the clouds were so low that visibility was restricted to about three furlongs. Conditions improved as the afternoon progressed, but it was a gloomy sort of day, especially for those intrepid folk who, in search of a little "easy" money, laid 8 to 1 on *Bob Major*. It is always sad to see a good horse beaten, and sadder still when you 've laid long odds on it, but for most of us, odds of 8 to 1 were just a little too steep, and we contented ourselves with "looking on." If the bookmakers had been a little more generous, they would have won a packet.

One has to be very lucky to back the winner of the Stewards' Cup, but lucky Jack Gerber told all his friends to back *Sugar Bowl*, so there was quite a lot of jubilation in the châlets, where the hospitality was on a very high level.

A few years ago the food was so indifferent that the proprietor of a famous club refunded half the price of the luncheon tickets, but this year it could not have been better.

To lose two Stewards' Cups in three years by the proverbial whiskers after a photographic finish would be sufficient to break the stoutest heart. *Spartan Sacrifice*, second to *The Bite* in 1949, was again out of favour with the camera. I salute Mrs. Gilmour and her trainer, Atty Persse, as the world's best losers. *Spartan Sacrifice* had run with great gallantry, and owner and trainer made as much fuss of him as if he 'd won.

On the remaining three days everything in the Duke of Richmond's park was lovely. Fortunately for those in the 4s. enclosure on Trundle Hill, the best natural grandstand in the world, the sun's rays were tempered by a delightful breeze, but it was hot enough to bathe if you happened to be staying for the meeting at one of the nearby seaside resorts. A dip in the sea after an unsuccessful day will erase all bitter memories, while immersion in sea water prior to leaving for the course is much to be recommended, since it instils in one that feeling of well-being and self-confidence without which one cannot expect to defeat the enemy across the rails.

"Mixed doubles Gordon" is a popular form of speculation, requiring no great mental effort, and the insurance that you 're on a trier every time. As it would take a chartered accountant all his time to work these out correctly, one should leave it to one's bookmaker and not pester one's friends with such queries as "What do I win for one pound each way double on Gordon's mounts?" Nothing is more infuriating than being asked to solve these mathematical problems when one has had a bad day oneself.

On both Wednesday and Friday the champion rode four winners, a magnificent achievement even for Gordon, and one which proved very profitable for his followers, as the majority of his winners were at good prices.

The big surprise on Wednesday was the defeat of *Colonist II.*, who finished last of three, victory going to Lady Zia Wernher's *Librarian*, the outsider of the party, ridden by Gordon and returned at 10 to 1. The gallant grey, easily the most popular horse in the country, ran as if he needed a rest. He has had a very strenuous season.

The Aga Khan's horses have been unable to win an argument in recent months, and, in consequence, he and the Begum were particularly pleased when his really lovely filly *Tayeh* won the Molecomb Stakes. She was so far behind at halfway that I wondered why Gordon was still persevering, but *Tayeh* ran on to such purpose that she won by three lengths. The Begum also won a race with her *Bakshishi*, who got the verdict in a photographic finish over *Dented Bell*. The weather was glorious for Cup day and the crowd was only just short of the record.

The women looked lovely, but some of the men looked very odd. For 361 days in the year men are slaves to convention, but at Goodwood they can go haywire, and, in hot weather, they take full advantage of it. Old gentlemen dig out suits they haven't worn since Poona in '06. They naturally don't fit very well, but the old boys get a great kick out of them and become very nostalgic and talk about *tiffin*.

That most uncomfortable form of headgear, the straw boater, was much in evidence, while many had donned white flannels and one expected them to put their pads on at any moment.

The race for the Cup was won by the length of a street by the French horse *Pan II.*, as we all expected it to be. It is not often that I am overcome by the generosity of the bookmakers, but in allowing me to back *Pan II.* at even money they were indulging in philanthropy in a big way.

Referred to by an impertinent bookmaker as "The snobs' carve-up," the Arundel Castle Private Sweepstake for horses who did not cost more than £500 was won by Lord Derby's *Ha'penny*, the only success for Stanley House at the meeting. Colonel Giles Loder and Major McCalmont, on the other hand, both brought off a double; the *Pretty Polly* colours being carried to victory by *Abadan* and *Sea Parrot* and the colours made famous by *The Tetrarch*, by *Fly's Eye* and *Speechmaker*.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

It may have only been a baby alligator, but we were quite happy to leave the handling of it to George Cansdale, Superintendent of the London Zoo, in the "Looking at Animals" series.

Retiring Test cricketer Sam Palmer (Patrick Barr) introduces his poet son (Ray Jackson) to the England captain (right), Bill Jarvis (Harold Siddons), in Terence Rattigan's *The Final Test.*

Honeymooners Sonnie Hale and Hermione Baddeley in an amusing sketch, with landlady Barbara Leake, from *Re-View*, a *pot-pourri* of some of the better-remembered items from past stage revues.

WE were in a holiday mood when, the other day, we bumped into our old friend Professor A. M. Low. The sun was shining, we were feeling simply wonderful, the problems and activities of the good folk at Lime Grove and Ally Pally lay with gossamer lightness upon our conscience. Where would they all be in a hundred years' time, anyway? Yes, and where would television be in a hundred years' time? Low, whose startling scientific prophecies have a habit of coming to pass, was the obvious person to ask. So we shamelessly invited ourselves to tea and got him to talk.

"Television will develop—like everything else—in line with man's permanent demand for greater comfort and greater speed," the "Prof." began, having first shot a cigarette at us from the gun of a model tank standing on the table: one of his latest inventions. "At the moment, it only appeals to two senses: sight and sound. But why not smell, taste and touch as well? Eventually it will recreate the distant scene for us in every detail. By then, of course, it will no longer be merely a medium of entertainment; it will be the basic mode of inter-communication. Every telephone will have its screen, business men from all parts of the globe will be able to confer in full sight of each other without the necessity of leaving their own office desks; if you are on a journey, or your work takes you to foreign parts, you will be able to maintain full contact with those you have left at home. In fact, the television set—though it will probably be called something else by then—will become man's Slave of the Magic Lamp, conquering distance and time-lag. Even in its present form, it contains all the ingredients necessary to adapt it to many other functions. It could light the fire for you at a certain time, answer the telephone while you are out and record a message, or act as an infallible burglar alarm. One day you will be able to choose any major event in the world and see it as it happens. If you merely want entertainment, why not sit back in your armchair and see the latest musical in New York, the *Folies Bergère* in Paris, or a bull fight in Mexico City? Or if you like to begin the day with the morning paper, you will find it waiting for you at breakfast, having been printed in your own home by your television set.

"All this, naturally, is a hundred years or so hence, but it is all perfectly possible. In the meantime, the more immediate developments will be with colour, some form of stereoscopy and transmission across the oceans and the vast land distances of the world." At which Professor Low grinned in his impish way and pressed a button which caused another cigarette to be shot in our direction.

After this vertiginous peep into the future, it is quite a relief to return to the television of 1951, such as Royston Morley's brilliant production of Terence Rattigan's *The Final Test*, which we have already discussed in prospect. In the playing, it proves itself the type which is so suitable to television; the documentary. The real star is King Cricket, while the human characters merely weave themselves into a slight but pleasing pattern against his background. But human they certainly are, and Patrick Barr as an aging Test player, Ray Jackson as his poetically-minded son, Denys Blakelock playing a Third Programme *littérateur* and Agnes Lauchlan, his sophisticated secretary, were all people one would like among one's friends.

Then there was *I Done a Murder*, by E. G. Cousins, produced by Kevin Sheldon, which passed the evening not disagreeably, but of which our memory records little except that it contained a bunch of people without a single moral scruple between them. They all revolved round a dim little night-porter of a block of flats (played by Toke Townley), who had accidentally pushed some ill-tempered brute out of a window.

William Templeton's *The Silent Village* was obviously designed to be more memorable. The wife (Joyce Redman), the husband (Anthony Ireland) and the lover (Andrew Cruickshank) find themselves in a deserted inn, in a deserted Swiss village: a promising, eerie start full of dramatic possibilities. But the author chooses to continue by introducing more characters to clutter up the scene. And some of these were astonishingly badly cast. He also indulges in a bravura of pointless talk with a dash of mock-Coward thrown in. To be constructively critical, may we invite Mr. Templeton to try again and concentrate on the first three characters?

Personalities

The Hon. David Charles Samuel Montagu, twenty-three-year-old elder son of Lord Swaythling, of Brindley Manor, Worplesdon, Surrey, and of Mrs. Elliott Blake, of Hertford Street, W.1, is engaged to Françoise Christianne, daughter of M. and Mme. Edgar Dreyfus of Paris.

On August 25, the marriage will take place between Norma Louie, only daughter of Brigadier L. N. Tyler, of London, and Robert Adair Campbell, Royal Marines, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alastair Campbell, of Ardhuncart Lodge, Alford, Aberdeenshire.

Miss Shirley Warter, only daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Warter, of Eastcourt, Effingham, Surrey, is one of this year's débutantes. She is eighteen; plans to study commercial art in September.

Miss Mary Jean Baker, elder daughter of Air Marshal Sir Brian and Lady Baker, of 3, Howard Place, St. Andrews, will be married on August 31 to Derek, only son of Mrs. Taylor, of Southsea.

Miss Audrey Josselyn is to be married at Gosport on August 18 to Lieut. William Mylne, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mylne, of Southern Rhodesia. He commands M.T.B. at H.M.S. *Hornet*. His fiancée is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Josselyn, of Alverstoke.

Miss Patricia Yates, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. H. Yates, of The Lawn, Datchet, Bucks, whose marriage was arranged for last Saturday in Maidenhead, to Lt. John Cameron Hayes, Royal Horse Artillery, only son of Major and Mrs. H. Cameron Hayes.

AUTUMN CLOTHES

By Ann Murray

Thirty days hath . . .

Jacqmar

. . . September—the month of suits, now advancing to meet us, and a new suit is often the Englishwoman's first purchase for the Autumn wardrobe. Here are three chosen from the model house collections, all to be in the best shops any day now.

Simon Massey

Frederick Starke

A charming suit, designed by Digby Morton. In grey bird's-eye suiting, with contrasting black velvet collar. Buttons, fashion point pocket and collar. From Jacqmar, London, and also Bon Marché, Liverpool.

Simon Massey's pinhead worsted suit. The roll collar and rounded pocket flaps soften its classic lines. From Marshall and Snelgrove, London, and also John Moses, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Frederick Starke's black and white waffle check jacketed suit —a suit with a town bred look. Highlighted with a black cravat shirt and oversized buttons. To be in the shops soon.

Aquascutum

CHOICE OF AUTUMN COATS.

Left: For town or country. Wide and handsome, Aquascutum's shine or shower coat in mustard gabardine. Grey corduroy velvet contrast is used for the new neck-fitting collar. Beautifully lined shot silk with corduroy facings. This model will be in the shops soon ; several colours to choose from. At 34 guineas.

Brenner

Right: For town wear. Purple, red and black-striped herringbone tweed make this dashing Redingote with its broad lapels and cuffs and slanted pockets. A Brenner model. From Jay's, London, and also McDonald's of Glasgow, at about 32 guineas.

THE LARGEST AIRLINER IN THE WORLD

You could play cricket on one of its wings

By Henry Longhurst

EVERY man, and I dare say most women, must at some time have imagined flying in the Brabazon. This experience came my way the other day—and a very remarkable affair it all is. I suppose the time will come when we take a flying-machine of this size as one of the commonplaces of the air, but at first sight its immensity is quite staggering. Sitting and surveying the distant wing-tip, I worked out that there is room on each wing for a cricket pitch, wicket-keeper and longstop.

We were escorted across to the aircraft by Bristol's senior test-pilot, Bill Pegg, and climbed into the monster by what might have been a second-floor window. At the Farnborough display last year Pegg was given only six minutes in which to be airborne after starting the first engine, and they managed this every day for a week. So it was the other day. Within three or four minutes, it seemed, we were thundering along the runway and, in just about half a minute, we were up and away.

As the Brabazon levelled out after the climb, I retired to the one furnished compartment farther back to test the claim that you could talk in a perfectly normal voice therein, and am happy to report that this is correct. The Brabazon is not only the largest civilian aeroplane in the world, but also the most silent.

Of its internals I can give only a layman's view, the interior being at the moment fitted out with a number of experimental appliances which I have neither the permission nor the ability to describe. The cockpit, however, is surprisingly simple, far more so than that of the Stratocruiser, whose captain kindly invited me to sit beside him for some hours over the Atlantic.

The more complicated business, some 300 dials at a rough estimate, is controlled by four members of the crew in the next compartment, to whom Pegg telephones his requirements. "Gives 'em something to do!" he said, flipping to and fro the foot-long disconnected throttles beside his right hand.

Farther back, Martian figures in white overalls and plugged-in helmets stood beside inexplicable instruments, including cinematograph machines each recording a series of dials. The rear compartment, designed as a passengers' cinema, houses at present a number of water-tanks whose contents they pump along to test what would happen to the trim of the aircraft if all the passengers suddenly moved from one end to the other. Here also, incidentally, are bulbous side-windows through which you can peer out and see the gigantic tail-fin towering at the back.

Standing behind Pegg, I could not help thinking of the pilot of one of the American B.36's, which are just about the same size as the Brabazon. Asked what it was like to fly them, he replied: "Well, it's like sitting in the bay window—and then flying your house."

I asked Pegg the inevitable question about his emotions on flying the Brabazon for the first time, and he said that, like the ships' designers who, at the launching, "know it isn't going to sink," he was more concerned with whether his own personal reactions would be quick enough in case of some unforeseen emergency, for which there could be no set drill.

He is also quoted as having said: "I'll fly my end all right. I'm hoping the rest will follow."

The Brabazon lives normally at the Bristol Aeroplane Company's airfield at Filton, presiding, like the queen of the hive, over a host of smaller insects in the shape of Stratocruisers, Doves, helicopters and such-like.

Its special runway, contrary to popular belief, is not five miles long, but some 300 yards shorter than the longest at Heathrow, with a curious hump in the middle which causes aircraft to vanish over the brow after about 800 yards. Nor does the Brabazon need anything like the full-length for take-off, the extra length being only a safety margin for experimental flying.

The hangar at Filton, with its three 100-yard bays supported apparently by will power, is an accepted engineering marvel and perhaps the strongest impression gained when I visited it was to come upon one of B.O.A.C.'s Constellations there and fail to recognise it because it looked so small.

The Brabazon's future, and that of the other they are building, designed for 350 m.p.h., may be at the moment uncertain, but I defy anyone to fly in it without being moved by a vicarious pride in the people who made it.

"It's no use being in this business," one of them said, "unless you are an enthusiast." They are—and, my word, they have a right to be!

The Brabazon is 59 yards long. "I'll fly my end all right," said Bill Pegg, Bristol Aeroplane Company's chief test-pilot: "I'm hoping the rest will follow."

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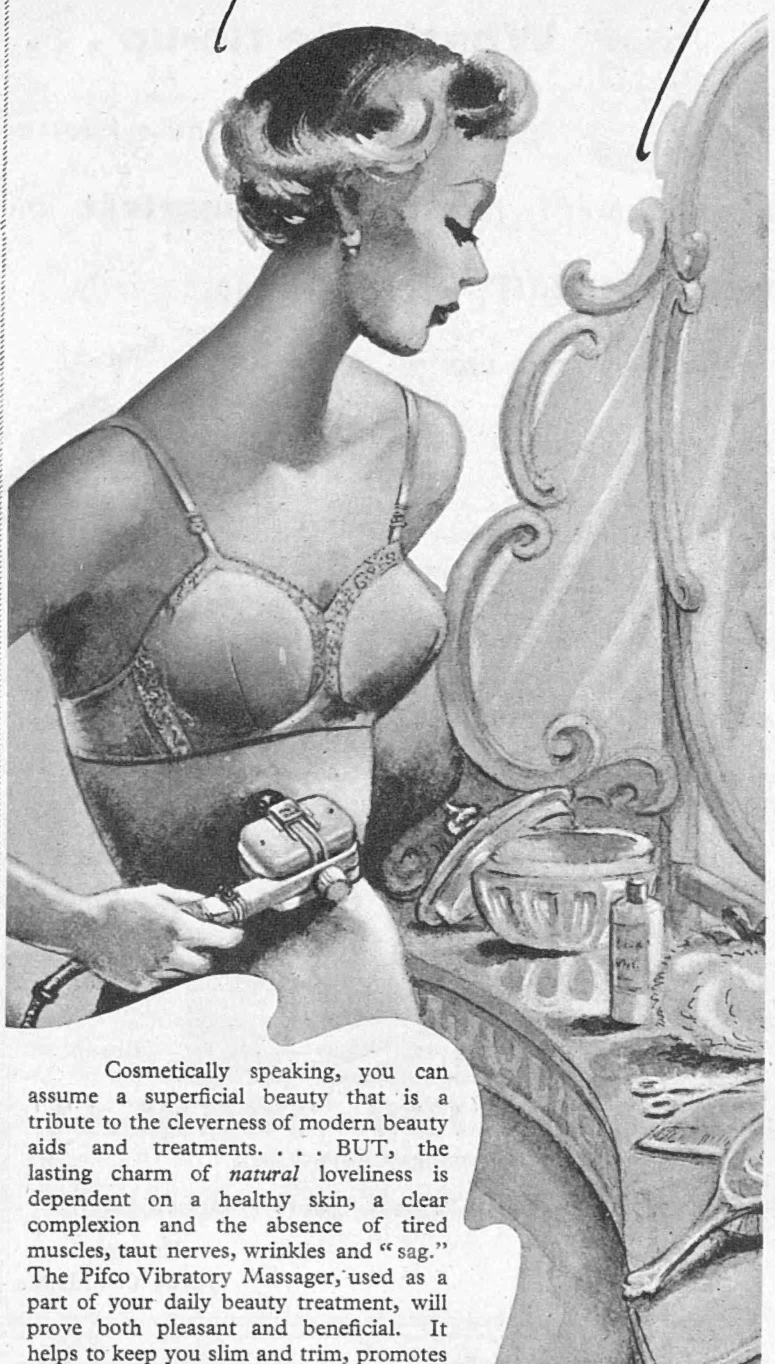

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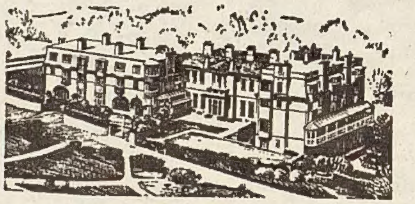

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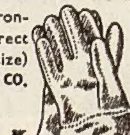

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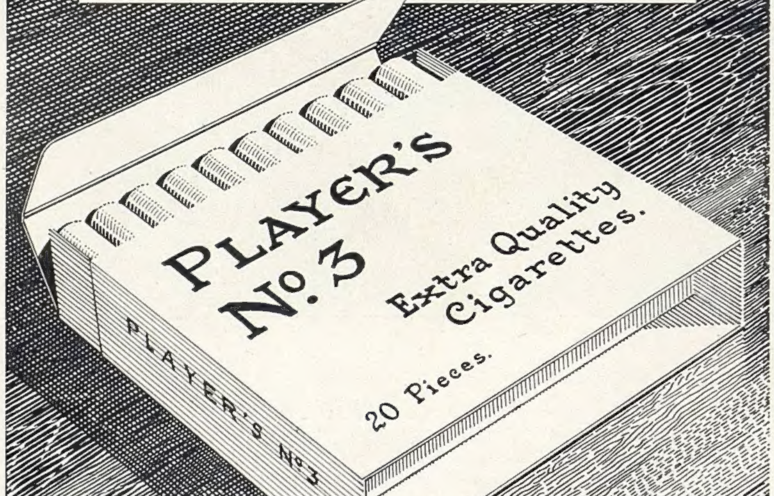

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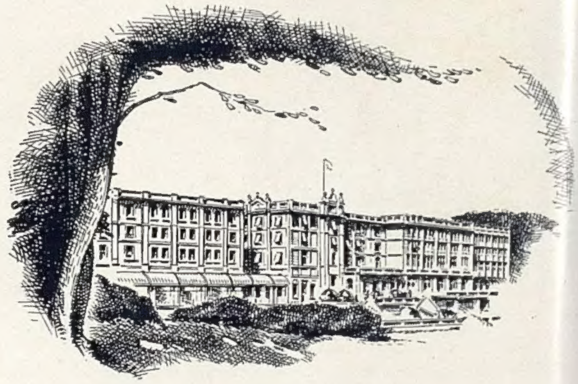

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